The Nation.

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The Week.

SINCE the Federal Government was rescued from the shameful subserviency to slavery which characterized it before the civil war, there has been no session of Congress so disheartening to a patriot as that which ended on Thursday. At no date within the lifetime of the present generation has the public opinion of the national Legislature been so contemptuous, and so deservedly contemptuous. Never since 1860 have the tendencies in Congress been so unhealthy and even alarming. The Senate has reached its lowest ebb. The House, if not so bad as the Senate, emulated that body's folly in Jingoism and in recklessness of appropriation. It shelved free coinage, indeed, and it refused to endorse repudiation, although the leaders of the Republican majority lacked the courage to stamp it out by a direct vote. Complaining that Democratic legislation had caused a deficit, the same managers refused to adopt the simple and practicable method of raising the $25,000,000 or $30,000,000 a year needed by doubling the tax on beer, but, instead, pushed through a buncombe tariff bill, which they knew could never pass the Senate or secure the President's signature. After this assurance that the deficit must continue, they proceeded to increase it by passing, under a suspension of the rules and without a chance for debate, the largest river-and-harbor bill ever framed, and repassing it over the deserved veto of the President. Republicans, Democrats, and Populists have all had a share in this most discreditable performance.

Our happy-go-lucky system of national finance is usually put on exhibition at the close of a session of Congress. The chairman of the committee on appropriations makes a speech congratulating the House on its frugality and careful use of the people's money, while, of course, not refusing any appropriation manifestly for the public good, and then prints a table showing how, if you leave out this, that, and the other bill, the total is much less than the extravagant Congress controlled by the other party had voted. Then the representative of the minority on the same committee follows, proving by *his* table that there never had been such a reckless and spendthrift Congress, and announcing, without a flicker of the eyelid, that an outraged people will hold the majority to a strict account. This year the show was more than usually diverting because our finances are more than usually chaotic. Deficit heaped on deficit, the majority of the House strenuously insisting that the Government has not revenue enough, the Speaker opening the session with the cry of economy, and the chairman of the committee on appropriations echoing it, one must confess to some surprise at finding the appropriations larger than in any one fiscal year since the last years of the civil war. The total for the session is $515,759,820—an increase of $18,751,000 over the appropriations of the last preceding session. In addition should fairly be reckoned in contracts authorized for $78,241,000 more, for which coming Congresses will have to find the money.

The way Chairman Cannon meets this situation is by calling the appropriations "wise and economical, not scant and insufficient," and by saying that if you leave out the river-and-harbor bill and the permanent annual appropriations, the record is not so black as it might appear. Messrs. Sayers and Dockery, for the minority, affirm that "this Congress is the most recklessly improvident and riotously extravagant Congress since the establishment of the government." If these assertions and denials had not been made so regularly, the country would pay more attention to them. What really gives them special point this year is the critical situation of the Treasury, and the fact that this was laid clearly before Congress by Secretary Carlisle. For the fiscal year just ended he estimated a deficit of $17,000,000, which, in effect, turned out to be $27,000,000. For 1896-97 he figured a surplus of $6,900,000, but on what basis? On the basis of total appropriations of $457,000,000. In the face of this, Congress has voted $515,000,000—or, in other words, has deliberately voted a deficit of $52,000,000. A Congress that does this writes itself imbecile in finance.

President Cleveland's apparent loss of influence with his party is the theme of many philosophic comments by Republicans. Never was the fall of a party idol and dictator so complete. Yes, but poor Mr. Cleveland may comfort himself by reflecting that if he has not got on very well with Democrats, he has converted Republicans with astonishing rapidity and success. The latter are now following his lead with beautiful docility. Eight years ago they denounced him for having "dishonored" silver; three years ago they allowed themselves to be dragged by him by the scruff of the neck into completing the dishonor of silver through the repeal of the silver-purchase law; two years ago he began boldly to advocate the gold standard, *eo nomine*, amid vast Republican carping, and now the party at St. Louis is enthusiastically getting on his platform. Such success of an apostle turning to the Gentiles is truly unprecedented in the annals of political evangelization. And the conversion is likely to extend also to the issuing of bonds for gold. If Republican Congresses go on voting appropriations $50,000,000 a year more than the revenue, more bonds will have to come. One of the first acts of the supernatural McKinley may have to be a call for bids on Government bonds. It certainly will be if Mr. Cleveland follows the after-us-the-deluge methods of President Harrison.

One of the striking utterances coming from the Babel of tongues at St. Louis is the following from Congressman Grosvenor, McKinley's second in command, to the editor of the New York *Herald:*

> "Just as soon as this insanity blows over, the tariff will become the leading issue. When this convention and the Democratic convention have adjourned, the tariff will come to the front."

The "insanity" here referred to is the demand that the words "gold standard" shall be inserted in the Republican platform. This is so far the leading issue at present that nothing else is talked of or thought of; but, when it "blows over," the tariff will take its natural place at the front, says Grosvenor. That depends, for as it takes at least two persons to make a bargain, it takes at least two parties to make a political issue. If the Democrats put the free coinage of silver in their platform, the tariff will not come to the front this year, and probably not next year nor the year after. The fight that the McKinley men are making at St. Louis is not so much against the gold standard as it is against giving precedence to the gold standard as an issue. It is precisely because they know that the money question is the dominant one, and that McKinley on a gold platform is an illogical candidate, that they are so stoutly resisting the use of the word gold.

With McKinley's nomination for the Presidency assured, and his election probable, the thing for sound-money men, without distinction of party, to do at once is to organize a campaign for the election of a House of Representatives which will be sound on the financial issue. McKinley's election would give the country, for the first time since the soft-money agitation began after the war, an executive who could not be expected to veto any act which Congress might send him. A Republican Congress might pass an inflation bill under Grant, and the nation could hope to escape through his refusal to approve it. A Democratic Congress might pass a bill to coin the seigniorage under Cleveland, and the country knew that it could never become a law. But whatever the representatives of the people in the Senate and House may agree to in the

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way of financial legislation from 1897 to 1901 will be sure to pass the White House with McKinley as its occupant. As for the executive's exercising any restraint upon Congress, as Hayes did when he thwarted the movement for the repeal of the resumption act, or Cleveland when he kept a Congress that wanted to pass a free-coinage bill from really doing it, McKinley would never think of attempting such a thing.

Still another vote of McKinley's needs to be cited to complete his record in Congress on the currency question. On the 29th of April, 1878, the House of Representatives was called upon to decide whether it would pass a bill making it unlawful for the Treasury thereafter to cancel or retire any more legal-tender notes, and providing that when any such notes should be redeemed or received into the Treasury under any law from any source, they should not be retired, cancelled, or destroyed, but should be reissued and paid out again and kept in circulation. The proposition was opposed by the sound-money men on both sides of the chamber, including Garfield of Ohio, Hewitt, Hiscock, and Potter of New York, Claflin, Crapo, and Robinson of Massachusetts, Frye of Maine, and Gibson of Louisiana. But the same crowd which a few months before had voted for free coinage supported this measure also, and McKinley was again found among them. The man who expects to be the next President is thus among those who are responsible for the continuance of the policy by which the Government must keep on indefinitely paying out the same greenback and redeeming it in gold, instead of getting rid of the promise to pay once for all.

Gov. Morton is entitled to much credit for the straightforward manner in which he has held himself as a candidate before the St. Louis convention. He is the one candidate who has had the courage to define his views on the A. P. A. question, saying quite simply that if he were charged with the duty of administering the office of President, he should "endeavor to treat all classes without discrimination as to their religious belief." That is not a very difficult thing to say, and when it is said there is really nothing to add to it, and no rational mind can see any criticism to pass upon it; yet what a curious light it throws upon the McKinleyized political situation that no other candidate finds himself able to say it, lest by-doing so he might lose a few votes. The Governor's course in regard to a vice-presidential nomination was equally dignified and discreet. He was placed in a position of being "played" by Platt for first place if he could get it, and, failing that, as a willing candidate for second place. He upset that scheme by sending a telegram to Mr. Depew refusing to have his name used for second place.

The forthcoming number of the *Forum* magazine will contain an article by M. Leroy-Beaulieu, the distinguished French publicist, on McKinleyism as it looks to an intelligent foreigner who has no personal interest in our politics. In the first place, he tells us that the name of McKinley stands in Europe for something more than a protective tariff—an exaggerated form of protection intended seriously to restrict trade. The election of such a man, he says, would give a new and powerful impetus to protectionism in Europe. European protectionists, who are mainly landowners, want higher duties on agricultural products. In France they are now clamoring for an increase of 30 or 40 per cent. on wheat. In Germany they are equally fierce, and in England they are beginning to make some headway, putting forward the idea of a great British Zollverein, which is protection under the guise of a closer political union with the colonies. Any new outburst of protectionism in Europe would be a backward step in civilization, and would be especially injurious to the United States as an exporter of agricultural products. One thought might be added to Leroy-Beaulieu's lucid reasoning. If the new outburst of protectionism in Europe really takes place and throws back our fifty-cent wheat on the hands of American farmers, they may get their eyes open a little sooner to the fact that protection is a downright swindle to them. *Rusticus expectat*, said the Latin poet. The farmer has been waiting in this country more than a hundred years for the tariff to begin to benefit him, and he is still waiting. Perhaps if he finds that other nations can play tariff also, he may change his notions.

The chief part of Leroy-Beaulieu's article, however, relates to McKinleyism and the silver question. McKinley is understood in Europe to be a silver man or a silverish man. There is a difference between the two. A silver man is one who is in favor of free coinage at some ratio, preferably the ratio of 16 to 1. A silverish man is one who has no particular views, but who wishes to be considered "friendly to silver"—just friendly enough to get the votes of the silver men, but not friendly enough to lose those of the gold men. Leroy-Beaulieu takes this occasion to tell us what is the status of international bimetallism at the present time. Although a small clique of agitators continue to make themselves heard (they had a small private conference at Brussels the other day), the movement is as dead as possible. As to free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, that is simply inconceivable. So far are the nations of Europe from moving in the direction of bimetallism, the only one that has not the single gold standard now is striving eagerly to reach it, and will soon accomplish that end. Russia has been accumulating gold for this purpose steadily for a series of years, and drawing her supplies chiefly from the United States. She now has the largest quantity on hand that can be found in any one place, viz., $420,000,000. This is considerably larger than the gold reserve of the Bank of France. Does anybody suppose that Russia, at the end of her long, persistent effort to resume specie payments on the gold basis, is going to give any countenance to bimetallism, national or international? No more is Austria-Hungary likely to do so. As for France, with which Leroy-Beaulieu is more intimately concerned, he tells us that the French bimetallists themselves say that they can do nothing without the coöperation of England, and that nobody expects England to change her standard. In short, while the United States might give a new life and impetus to protectionism in Europe, it cannot galvanize the corpse of bimetallism.

The Democratic convention in Minnesota last week, with its unqualified declaration for the maintenance of the present gold standard, is a fresh illustration of the fact, to which we have repeatedly called attention, that the States with the largest proportion of foreigners are doing much more to sustain the financial stability of the nation than those which are peopled almost entirely by the native-born. In Virginia less than 3 per cent. of the population are of foreign parentage; in Minnesota the proportion exceeds 75 per cent. Yet the Democrats of Virginia went for free coinage at the ratio of 16 to 1 by a vote of four to one, while those of Minnesota sustained the most uncompromising sort of gold platform by a large majority. The leading Democratic journal of the Northwestern State, the St. Paul *Globe*, is entitled to honorable mention for its persistent and effective work on the right side in that party; as is the *Pioneer Press* of the same city for the same sort of instruction to Republicans during the long agitation for soft money in one shape or another.

The Senate took a turn at art last week, and left the experts looking as silly as so many defeated gold-bugs. The idea of a committee of sculptors undertaking to teach battle-scarred generals anything about artistic merit! As Senator Mills said, a body of men who "arrogate to themselves an exclusive knowledge of art" were the last persons on earth to whom an untamed Texan would refer a question about the Sherman monument. The Connecticut idea of art was luminously set forth by Senator Hawley, who asserted that what was wanted was not "a mere work of art," but something that the old soldiers would recognize "a mile off" as the real Old Tecumseh. It only remained to add, as Senator Allison did, that the whole thing grew out of per-

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sonal enmity against the successful artist, and that the decision and protest of the committee were based on spite and envy, not on æsthetic principles. On the whole, it was a bad day for presumptuous experts, who were taught the needed lesson that Art may err, but Nature (in the shape of a Senate giving its mind to monuments) cannot miss.

It is to be said of the Greater New York Commission that it is probably the best which the Governor was able to form, and that it will accomplish as much as any Commission could under the conditions in which it will have to do its work. Several members of it are admirably well qualified for the task before them, and, if the prospects for performing useful and lasting public service had been better, we have no doubt that others equally well qualified could have been induced to accept positions with them. As it stands, it is much more of a Brooklyn than a New York Commission, and, however great the abilities of some of its individual members may be, as a whole it is not a body which gives promise of performing successfully the practically impossible task set for it, which is the evolving of a charter for one of the greatest cities in the world within about eight months. Even if it were to prove equal to this tremendous task, it must proceed about it with the possibility, in the end, of having its work rejected by the next Legislature. The Commission must, in fact, carry forward its task under conditions prepared by Platt and Lexow, who in arranging them had no interest whatever in the formulating of a scheme of municipal government, but were looking only for the creation of such a situation as would enable them to capture, in the interest of spoils politics, the governments of the two great cities affected.

The English education bill is exciting fierce opposition from the Liberal party, especially from the Dissenters. The Liberal party is opposed to it because it breaks up the arrangement made by them twenty-six years ago through the late Mr. Forster, which was the first serious attempt not only to establish popular education in England, but to make popular education undenominational. As a general rule, such popular schools as had existed in England before that time were adjuncts of the parish church, and were completely controlled by the Anglican minister, to the great disadvantage or at least discontent of the Dissenters. Mr. Forster's bill established popular schools ruled by elected school boards, but it compromised by giving Government assistance, at a stated proportion to voluntary subscriptions, to denominational schools. As the years have rolled by, the school boards have gained on the clergy; the voluntary subscriptions to denominational schools, and consequently the Government aid, have fallen off, until, to use their own language, "the strain [on them] has become intolerable." It is now proposed to abolish the school boards, to remit the management of the schools to the county councils, to increase the assistance to the denominational schools, and to hand religious instruction in the schools over to the clergy of different denominations. In order to secure some such legislation, the Anglican clergy are accused of working with great vigor at the last election to get Tory majorities. Worse than all, since the election, Lord Salisbury has openly made common cause with them by treating the church as "we" and the Dissenters as "you," in conversations with the Dissenting delegations who came to remonstrate with him about the bill. Principal Fairbairn, the most scholarly Nonconformist, the head of the Dissenting college at Oxford, has just contributed a bitter article on the subject to the *Contemporary Review*, in which, passing over machinery and details, he denounces the policy of the bill as a distinct return to mediæval clerical methods in popular education, and as due in the main to the efforts of the Anglican clergy, who are not, he says, what they used to be. They used to be part and parcel of the gentry, younger sons or brothers, men of family. They are now, he alleges, more sacerdotal, more purely professional, more separated from the community at large, and more imbued with a sense of "apostolic succession." To this change in the character of the body he ascribes the new attempt to regain control of the schools and root out purely secular education among the people.

The full text of Mr. Gladstone's letter to Cardinal Rampolla on Anglican orders does not make it clear why the Nonconformists should have been so cut to the heart by it as the cable reported that they were. It contains no view which Mr. Gladstone has not been long known to entertain. He is a high-churchman, and as such is bound to welcome the inquiry which the Pope has set on foot in Rome respecting the validity of Anglican orders. That "any immediate, practical, and external consequences" would follow a favorable decision, he does not imagine, but simply hails the proposed investigation as an act of wisdom and charity on the part of the Pope, in whom it argues great courage and "an elevation above all the levels of stormy partisanship," and as a step towards the only form of church unity now possible—a united and tolerant bearing of witness to the essentials of the Christian faith. Why the expression of such opinions should be fiercely denounced by Nonconformist ministers as "a betrayal of the liberty of the country" and "a miserable trifling with Rome," does not appear to a mind untrained in the niceties of theological logic. In the course of this very letter Mr. Gladstone paid a handsome tribute to "those independent religious communities" with which his political life had brought him much in contact; but this contact has taught him little if it has not made him aware of their extreme sensitiveness and hysterical fervor on all subjects relating to the Scarlet Woman. What Walter Bagehot wrote of the English feeling about Rome is still very much in point. Referring to the Oxford movement, he said that it had vexed the English people by crossing "their one speculative Affection, by encountering their one speculative Hatred." Of a Tractarian clergyman the instinctive English judgment was, "the system which trained *him* must be bad."

> "Such is our axiom. Tell an Englishman that a building [at Oxford] is without use, and he will stare; that it is illiberal, and he will survey it; that it teaches Aristotle, and he will seem perplexed; that it don't teach science, and he won't mind; but only hint that it is the Pope, and he will arise and burn it to the ground."

Mr. G. S. Fort, who writes in the last *Nineteenth Century* on "The True Motive and Reason of Dr. Jameson's Raid," was private secretary to Sir Henry Loch while the latter was Governor at the Cape, and is on the most intimate terms with both Rhodes and Jameson. He states "positively" that the chief object of Jameson's rush was, not to overthrow the Dutch Government, not to redress the grievances of the Outlanders, but to "secure documentary evidence" of the secret alliance between the Transvaal and Germany, which evidence "was believed, on reliable authority, to be in possession of President Krüger in Pretoria." According to Mr. Fort, the intrigues of the Germans in the Transvaal had been divined by Cecil Rhodes, who saw in their success the "death-blow to his lifelong work," and determined to thwart them by getting hold of the secret treaties and holding them up to the scorn of the world. If Mr. Chamberlain had allowed him, he would have, when in England, "gone down to Trafalgar Square" and proclaimed this as the true motive of the raid. This is more curious than convincing, and even the solemn Mr. Fort has to admit that this theory "is necessarily to a certain extent hypothetical." One thing not hypothetical is that Rhodes said that which was not when he avowed to Chamberlain that he was entirely ignorant of the raid. And the idea of sending 800 troopers to steal some documents! One skilled burglar would have been much better. It would have been just like the wicked Krüger to burn every last secret treaty the moment he heard the English raiders were coming. The guilty old man would know what they were after. There is also a certain humor, of which Mr. Fort seems wholly unaware, in sending a man after incriminating documents who himself was loaded down with incriminating documents. Dr. Jameson ought at least to have swallowed the key to the cipher telegrams captured with him.

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PROSPERITY'S ADVANCE ORATOR.

In a little volume of 'McKinley's Masterpieces,' lately published, the good news is revealed that "William McKinley stands high among America's greatest orators." Everybody would have believed this if McKinley had never delivered or printed any orations. As it is, the assertion may be tested by the fact. The small book of condensed McKinley oratory is put forth to "meet the needs of the busy man." But we prefer the large and complete edition of McKinley's speeches, on the ground that a little dulness is a dangerous thing, and that one should drink deep of the Major's oratorical flow before reporting on its quality. Even so, there are perils in writing of an orator who belongs to Dr. Johnson's category of men who not only are dull, but provoke dulness in others. However, in the cause of discovering one of America's greatest orators, we are ready to run all risks.

Lord Rosebery's oratory has been defined as English in substance, but with a surface addition of French polish. No such discrimination can be made in McKinley's case. Substance and surface are all of a piece in his oratory; and whether you plunge into it, or skim over it, the sense of touching something wooden is unmistakable. There is scarcely a gleam in the whole 654 deadly pages—not a phrase or thought to serve as a watchword of party or epigram of debate; not one flash of happy characterization; not one generous burst of unpremeditated enthusiasm; hardly an apt passage cited from poet, orator, or statesman. Nothing can reconcile one to this dead level of monotony except McKinley's occasional efforts to rise above it. The luckless reader of his address to the Mahoning Valley Pioneers, with its beautiful quotation from "a gifted songstress of this valley," or of his discourse to the Ohio State Grange, with his easy flinging about of all that "Cato, the eloquent orator and great general," "old Virgil," "the historians of China," and a long line of ex-Presidents had said about farming (all obviously drawn fresh from some book of elegant extracts)—one condemned to witness the dray-horse thus frisking about will cry out, we say, for a return to the old shambling trot. The appetite developed by a slight experience of McKinley flowers of fancy for a column of McKinley figures and extracts from the *Iron Age* is simply amazing to one who has not tried it.

These may seem slight tests of oratory, but they are really among the most searching. The oratorical temperament is in nothing more truly revealed than in its incidental, its extemporized graces and felicities. Their absence, or miserable failure in laboriously attempting them, is a surface indication, to be sure, but an indication just as fatal as bad spelling or bad grammar would be in one setting up for an educated man. (There is, by the way, a deal of bad grammar in this McKinley tome, despite its revision by Mr. McKinley himself, assisted by the Ohio State Librarian.) Consider, too, the matter of insight into character, judgment of a man, a movement, or an institution. The really great orators throw these things off in a fine glow—as Burke threw off his tribute to Charles Townshend—and in nothing is the exaltation of the oratorical nature, with its swift intuition and vitally metaphorical language, more clearly displayed. Remember this, and then listen to McKinley declaring (to take only a few examples) Oberlin "unrivalled in university annals," and "scarcely second to the best institutions of the world" (p. 571); affirming that Logan ("Black Jack") had achieved "a success in both careers [military and civil] almost unrivalled in the history of men" (p. 275-6); asserting that William D. Kelley ("Pig-Iron Kelley"), as "a student and master of political economy, was probably without a superior in the present generation" (p. 448). Of a man capable of such things we can only say, as Disraeli once said cynically of himself, "Circumstances have forced me to do a good deal of talking, but nature meant me to be a silent man."

But logic, force, impact of relentless argument are, after all, the weightier matters of political oratory, and it may be said that herein lies McKinley's title to rank with Webster. As to logic, he is evidently of De Quincey's opinion, that any fool can reason correctly from given premises, but that the true logician is known by the choice of the premises from which to reason. Hence comes his peculiar greatness in varying his premises to suit the conclusion he wishes to draw. Take his one fundamental doctrine, of which he is a master if he is of anything—the doctrine that the foreigner pays the tax. This is an absolute and unqualified truth in Virginia (p. 185) and Ohio (p. 372); but in Georgia (p. 342) it becomes the assertion that "the duty is rarely paid by the consumer," and in Washington (p. 411) the admission that "it [the tariff tax] may add a little temporarily to the cost to the consumer." On the main question we say nothing, and refrain from pitting Hamilton against McKinley; but as a specimen of deft changing hands and ability to dispute on either side, we submit that it shows McKinley to have a logical faculty beyond anything that Webster ever dreamed of.

In one respect, we admit, McKinley's oratory is overwhelming and irresistible. No man ever lived who was his equal in demonstrating what nobody questions, or in cramming down the throats of his adversaries the propositions with which they themselves start. His unique impressiveness is best seen when he is arguing some such thesis as that a government must have a revenue. The Union League Committee on Political Reform have come dangerously near him on this subject; but, on the whole, not even those fierce slayers of the slain can rival McKinley in this chosen field. He rides down all opponents like a whirlwind. Ill betide the man who should dare to maintain, in the face of his noble wrath, that a government can pay its bills without money, that revenue may rain into the Treasury from the clouds, that neither internal nor external taxes are necessary. All such suggestions McKinley dashes aside impetuously and with lofty scorn. He pursues the wretched sophists who assert that a government needs no revenue, into every hole and corner where they seek a refuge from his lightnings, and drags them out trembling and begging for mercy. America never before had an orator capable of such feats. And few can she have had able to invite comparison with McKinley on such a theme as "The American Home." His panegyric on that institution, his stern and unyielding opposition to everything that threatens it, his defiance, in his own single person, of all its enemies, his bold assertion that "the good home makes the good citizen, and the good citizen makes wholesome public sentiment"—who, we ask, can read or hear all this without paying the orator the tribute of a tear, or mayhap a groan?

We should be glad to think more highly of the intellect, as of the convictions and courage, of the man whom, as Col. John Hay informs the London *Times*, "a singularly spontaneous movement of the voters" has already chosen President of the United States. If we had that form of gratitude to McKinley which consists of a lively sense of favors to come, we might be able to see in him, as Col. Hay does, "unusual qualities, extraordinary ability and force of character." But having no other means of judging mind than by the products of mind, we see no reason for calling upon any of America's greatest orators to take a lower seat and give place to one worthier; and if any one, after surviving 654 pages of McKinley, thinks differently, we should be as anxious as Charles Lamb to be allowed to examine that man's phrenological development.

THE ALBANY POLICE JUDGMENT.

The Albany *Law Journal* justly insists on the great gravity of the doctrines laid down by Judge Herrick in delivering the opinion of the Appellate Division of the Third Department in the Albany police case. It is true that the opinion has not yet been affirmed by the Court of Appeals, but the fact that it came from a majority of four out of five members of the Appellate Division raises a probability that it will receive the sanction of the Court of Appeals also. Should it do so, its importance for all municipal reformers in this State, for all civil-service and municipal reform associations, and all persons laboring to form "a municipal party" here or elsewhere, cannot be overrated, and we call to it the earnest attention of all such persons.

Most of our readers will remember that

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during all the recent agitation for the divorce of municipal administration from party politics, we were met, by both enemies and many well-intentioned friends, with the argument that this was impossible as long as the power of the Legislature over the city was exercised as at present, and that even if we were only municipal men during city elections, we should have to be party men when we came to elect members of the Senate and Assembly. It was difficult or impossible to reply to this argument. The candidates for the Legislature were sure to be either Republicans or Democrats, and the Legislature itself was sure to exercise constant control over city affairs. This control not only exists, but has been growing for thirty years. The cities of the State have each a charter or organic law, but this law is liable to, and undergoes, incessant modification at the hands of the Legislature, generally against the will of the city. During all this period, not one city of the State has enjoyed what is called local self-government or "home rule" in any sense in which the term is ordinarily used. The police, the lighting, the education, the petty justice, the street-cleaning, the taxation of every city in the State are controlled by the Legislature. That is, its local affairs are all in the hands of men who do not live in it, who have no knowledge of it, and cannot have, humanly speaking, much concern about it. We cannot in New York pave a street, open a public school, employ or promote a policeman, fix our rate of taxation, light or clean our streets, without legislative sanction and regulation. The same is true of every other city.

Originally—that is, forty or fifty years ago, when the effect of railroads on the growth of cities first began to be felt—the motives for this interference may have been good. People were called on to deal rather suddenly with a new problem, and self-government in large communities like this seemed to be breaking down, and State interference, in the first moments of surprise and alarm, seemed called for. But very early, as early as 1870, it was found that the matter had another and very serious side, that cities had grown too large to be successfully managed in this way; and, soon after the Tweed scandal, both parties began to inscribe "home rule" on their flags in obedience to a growing sentiment, but without the least intention of carrying it into practice. In the meantime 60 per cent. of the population of the State has come to live in the cities, and their united annual revenues, if we may judge from New York, amount to about $75,000,000, and the practice of interference with them from the outside—that is, of regulating their government and their taxation, and of filling their offices in the interest of people who may not and generally do not live in them—has become a regular business by which a small army of men make their livelihood either as legislators, "owners" of legislators, bosses, lobbyists, or politicians.

This class is now very large and increasing, and generally makes enough in the winter by minatory or corrupt legislation directed against cities, or corporations having their seats in cities, to live with comfort during the remainder of the year. Many profess to be lawyers; others are supposed to be in "real estate," but the bulk of them do not take the trouble to assume any occupation at all. They are Toms, Dicks, Charleys, Mikes, Abes, Jakes, Barneys, often not only without any recognized calling, but with too little character to get places with any private employer. They are nominally in the service of one party or the other, but their business is to threaten, defeat, or delay legislation about cities at Albany. This, too, is done in the most arbitrary way, and without assigning any reason. City offices are often, as in the case of Buffalo, Albany, and this city, filled without notice by the boss in control of the majority, so that a class of adventurers, like the two Sheehans, has grown up, who are moved about from city to city to fill its leading places as the boss or they themselves may think best. Against such proceedings the protests of the city itself or its officials are useless. The late amendments to the Constitution gave the mayors a consultative voice in local legislation, thinking it would check these practices, but, as we see in the Greater New York case, it has not had the slightest effect. The opposition of the two mayors has had no effect, although the legislation emanated from a small village on the Hudson and from a distant county.

We might fill columns with illustrations of this system. The general result is that, as is shown in the Albany police case, local self-government, as it has always existed and been insisted on by the Anglo-Saxon race, preceding all written constitutions, has practically disappeared in this State. There is less of it than in any European country. Charters are granted here, but they are altered annually by persons not residing in the locality, and in defiance of the inhabitants, which is centralization in a form hardly seen since Louis XIV. The recent decision in the Albany case characterizes this sort of thing fitly, and absolutely denies the right of Legislatures to interfere in local concerns, as long as they are conducted constitutionally. They have no right to alter the constitution of police boards, or say how they shall be filled; to say whether a street needs paving or how it shall be paved; to say whether the city shall be united to some other city, or how its schools shall be conducted. All this is local matter for local decision.

Should the decision of the Appellate Division be sustained, it will almost work a revolution in this State. It will make the establishment of real municipal government easy all over the State. It will kill all the organizations, from Tammany down, which live by controlling and affecting legislation. It will deliver corporations from the blackmail of the bosses, and it will bring the reason and good sense of the inhabitants to bear on municipal concerns. It will put a stop to those annual sorrowful expeditions of good citizens to Albany to resist rascality, by arguments addressed to a lot of venal Boys, whose only answer is that "it is sure to pass." Should the Court of Appeals confirm the judgment, all reform organizations will have a new weapon to work with, before which everything must go down. The Boys are already sorrowful over the competitive examinations. Take away from them the legislative business, and want, crime, or honest industry would stare them in the face.

FREE TRADE IN ENGLAND.

THE rubbish which some of our papers allow their London correspondents to prepare for the American market is receiving another striking exemplification in the pretence that free trade in England is in some danger. We are fresh from something of the same kind in the case of bimetallism. For years it was impossible to persuade American bimetallists that their cause was not making rapid progress in England; and when Mr. Balfour came out strongly on their side, we were told that his advent to power would be the signal for the pound sterling to share its honors with silver at some ratio or other. Well, he has got into power, and the new ministry has no more thought of meddling with the currency than the old one. The present Chancellor of the Exchequer makes nearly as merry over the bimetallists as Sir William Harcourt did. In other words, the nation pays even less attention to Mr. Balfour's views on the currency than it pays to his views on the Unknowable.

We are just witnessing a similar phenomenon in the case of Mr. Chamberlain. This gentleman has got into a Conservative Ministry without having a single rag left of the causes and beliefs to which he devoted his earlier life. The Tory Ministry is using its enormous majority to attack or damage the causes for which he once stood, and is taking no notice of the beautiful promises he has recently made to the poor and the aged and forlorn. Consequently, it has considerately given him a place in which his former record cannot well be used for his detriment. Hitherto he has had nothing to do with the colonies, good, bad, or indifferent. For him they are virgin soil. Accordingly he is Colonial Secretary, and his first act was to promise that something should be done for the colonies, and that this would probably take the form of a sort of imperial federation, based on a customs union. The colonies nearly all, if not all, raise their revenues, as they now have a right to do, by customs duties. These duties are mainly levied on English goods. Their own products are admitted duty free into Eng-

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land. It was proposed, therefore, that they should remit or greatly reduce these duties in consideration of being members of an imperial confederation, being protected in time of war, etc. The colonies promptly refused. They needed the money badly, and were ready to take the risks of war. This, combined with distance, diversity of interests, difference in form of government, etc., seemed to dispose of the imperial-federation idea. A federation one leading member of which was in America, one in the South Pacific, and one in England, seemed little more than a beautiful dream.

This was bad for Mr. Chamberlain. How was his something for the colonies to be done? He had, when the chambers of commerce came together, after his unsuccessful attempt on old Krüger, to say something. So he intimated gently, tentatively, that if the colonies would propose that Great Britain should put a tax on everything she receives from other parts of the world, except the colonies, they would not meet with an immediate refusal. This is probably true, but the reason why they would not meet with an immediate refusal is that probably no notice, beyond a mention in Parliament, would be taken of the proposal. It would be received, like the bimetallic idea, as an absurdity. No ministry would venture to show it any favor. It would be far more than a reduction of duties on colonial products, for colonial products come in duty free. It would be a proposition to clap a duty on French, German, Russian, Italian products, on nearly every article of comfort and necessity from all parts of the world which an Englishman now uses, and which he now receives duty free. He would be asked to do this, too, not because the English people are dissatisfied with free trade, for the country, as the late statement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer shows, was never so prosperous as under free trade, but to oblige Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Salisbury, and the colonists.

Here again there is a striking resemblance to bimetallism. During the whole bimetallic agitation there was not a pretence that the English people, or its great merchants or traders or exchange dealers, were dissatisfied with the gold standard. What was said was that Senator Morgan, and Senator Lodge, and President Andrews, and Mr. Bland were dissatisfied, and that if England did not abandon the gold standard, there would be trouble. Senator Lodge proposed to discriminate against her goods on account of it, and ascribed American hatred of England to that cause, solely or mainly. But the English people paid no attention to these objectors. It was ready to confer with them as much as they pleased, but it had no more idea of touching the pound sterling than of dethroning the Queen. This simple, plain, conspicuous truth has needed twenty years in order to dawn on our silver and bimetallic fanatics. It would have taken longer, but for the advent of the Salisbury Ministry, which, curiously enough, was a striking product of English conservatism, and yet was expected to begin its reign by a tremendous change in the mechanism of English business.

A recent striking article in the London *Economist* on this subject treats the protectionist apostles with the contempt they deserve. But, in commenting on the failure of Cobden's prophecies about the adoption of free trade elsewhere, it fails to notice the fact that, since Cobden's day, the government of all the leading countries in Europe has passed into the hands of a different class. That is, they have all become democratic. He could not now make his French treaty with France or any other of them. Nor, probably, could Sir Robert Peel adopt free trade. Trade and currency have been taken hold of by the masses, and they are learning their lessons about them. Protection is the natural resort of the ignorant or inexperienced man. To keep the market to himself is the one expedient of the thoughtless or uninstructed. The great conditions of commerce and exchange are hard to understand. "Protection and cheap money" will therefore be the cry of the uninstructed whenever they have possession of a government until they learn better. The failure of "Cobdenism" to spread is really not nearly so wonderful or so unexpected as the control, thirty years after his death, of the currency of a commercial nation of 70,000,000 by a popular assembly partly composed of ignorant and venal negroes, whom the two adverse interests accuse each other of purchasing for cash. Cobden did not foresee this, and would not have believed it; why should he?

THE AMHERST ECLIPSE EXPEDITION TO JAPAN.

HONOLULU, May 24, 1896.

AFTER fifteen days of voyaging over the lonely Pacific Ocean, the rugged cliffs and peaks of the Hawaiian Islands broke the ocean horizon with a serrated welcome. The *Coronet* came to her anchorage in lovely Honolulu harbor late in the evening of May 10, and the next morning showed calm water all about, many vessels at anchor (our nearest neighbor being the United States steamship *Adams*), ranges of precipitous mountains, and the city lying at their feet, while sunshine almost tropical in its warmth reminded us of our latitude, as the Southern Cross had done the night before. While the scientific gentlemen became immediately absorbed in details of work, others of the company were more interested in the immense eruption of Mauna Loa, which had been in progress for more than two weeks on the island of Hawaii; and during the *Coronet's* stay at Honolulu, a secondary trip was planned to the volcano. The weekly steamer sailed the next day for the voyage of 270 miles, and, quite as if they had not just come from more than 2,000 miles of ocean travelling, the *Coronet's* party gayly embarked on the steamer *Hall* for Hawaii. The forward deck of the *Hall* contained a motley but most interesting crowd of passengers. Chinese, Japanese, native islanders, Portuguese, and every conceivable half-breed combination were lying about in picturesque confusion. Small Japanese babies with their shaved heads and hair fringes, Chinese infants with their queues, diversified the scene where the deck was so thickly covered with the various reposing nationalities, all in their native attitudes, that stepping-room was out of the question.

No one who has not visited the islands can properly appreciate their remoteness from one another. The map appears to indicate the little group as lying close together, perhaps an hour or two's sail apart. But the steamer takes two days and a night to go from Oahu, on which Honolulu is situated, to Hawaii, where are Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea and Kilauea. The scenery of the different islands passed was unusual and impressive—Molokai and Lanai, with their cliffs and ravines, and Maui, with a wonderful sunset light on its red-lava mountain slopes and bright green sugar-cane fields. By the courtesy of the purser we landed on Maui at the little town of Lahaina, for an hour or two—a purely native town, full of cocoanut palms and strange vegetation, a fine beach, and curious houses. But the first interesting stop on Hawaii itself was the next day, at Kealakeakua Bay, where Captain Cook is buried and a monument stands on guard in his honor, shadowed by an enormous cliff over 400 feet high, and fronting a bay where the water is as clear and green as an emerald. It seemed odd to be able to telephone from any of these little native towns to all other places on the island, but a perfect telephone system is one of the blessings of this fair republic. The news about Mauna Loa was, however, discouraging. Every fresh reply over the wires was to the effect that its eruption was unmistakably over—no fire could be seen. But hope still lived that something might yet remain when we reached our port, at the foot of that great mountain, 13,700 feet high, whose base is so enormous and the slope so gradual that its true proportions are quite disguised. All day the rugged shores of Hawaii were skirted, the top of the superb mountain lightly veiled in mist, the coast a series of lava cliffs in which are caves where often native dead are buried, and where the surf breaks in tremendous walls of white, with spray flying high, and all the air filled with its resounding boom.

The landing was made at Punaluu in small boats through the surf—a very exciting trip, as the great breakers chased us from behind, raised us in a wild rush forward for a moment, broke themselves on the lava reefs on both sides, and still the natives kept calmly on, guiding the boat through the dangerous passages, taking each wave just right until we were safely brought up beside the little wharf, filled with a crowd of natives and Chinese, and one more jump brought us among them. It was here that the famous mud flood of 1868 swept down so rapidly that many inhabitants were killed, and miles of valuable land made useless. Farther up the coast we had passed the great lava flow of that year, when convulsions of all sorts stirred the island to its foundations. A tidal wave buried the Punaluu road deep in permanent breakers, and earthquakes moved houses quite off their foundations, and broke vases and china indiscriminately, so that now dining-room closets are fitted up like a ship's galley, with guards in front of every shelf. Fortunately, the lava flows very slowly—but a few inches a day—and there is plenty of time to remove goods and prevent any fatalities. The flow of 1881 went toward the town of Hilo, and, keeping steadily on its way, caused great depression in the minds of the inhabitants and the price of

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real estate. Lands of ancestral memory were sold for a song. But when within three-quarters of a mile of the town, the Princess Ruth, a member of the old royal Kamehameha family, went out with a company of friends to appease if possible the wrath of Pele, goddess of fire. Bottles of brandy and gin, pigs, chickens, silk handkerchiefs and locks of hair were thrown into the sluggish stream with appropriate ceremonies, and the flow stopped the next day, dividing itself and dying out harmlessly. But the real estate could not be bought back by its former owners. Neither terror of Pele nor gratitude was sufficient for that.

At Punaluu, society seems to be in a state of primitive simplicity. After walking up to the little hotel through a path between lily-ponds bordered by rushes, no proprietor was apparent. Everything was open, all on one floor, doors and windows hospitably wide, beds carefully made, and not a soul in sight. So we took possession and slept calmly, a Chinaman preparing a delicious breakfast next morning. A short ride on the funniest little rusty toy railway imaginable, through a desolate lava country where white poppies bloomed lavishly, took us to Pahala plantation, where tons of fine sugar are made annually. The methods and machinery were of great interest, but horses were waiting, and an ancient stage took its burden, while the others rode the rough but capable horses of the region—the ladies riding manfashion, in the style of which Kate Field approved when not carried to excess, and which is universal here. After the charmingly hospitable manner of the islanders, we were entertained at luncheon at the Kapapala Ranch, a garden of beauty in the midst of great barrenness; and here a vivid account of the great eruption was given—the summit crater (Mokuaweoweo), a lake of liquid fire, while two great fiery fountains played upwards from its midst more than 300 feet. From the depths of a heavy snow-storm the benumbed and half-fainting company watched through the night this gigantic spectacle and listened to the never-ceasing soar of the flames and the internal seething of this indescribable cauldron. And that was but a few days before, when ships at sea could view the pillar of fire on Mauna Loa's crest for 150 miles, and now it was all out and gone; not a breath more of this terrific energy, and only a calm summit reposing peacefully above, innocently laying its huge crest against the sky like any New England hill. But Kilauea remained, only about one-third the height of Mauna Loa, to be sure, yet always interesting and evidently preparing for an eruption of its own.

With much reluctance the plan of climbing nearly 14,000 feet into the air was abandoned, since the great sight had seethed itself into rest, and the Volcano House at Kilauea was made the objective point. The ride over lava, stiffened as it flowed into weird shapes and crawling circles, occasionally heaped into wild masses, but always smooth and rounded—the *pahoehoe* of the islander—was one to be long remembered. Brilliant yellow and scarlet milkweed blossomed lavishly all along the way, standing decoratively against black lava backgrounds, while armies of brown butterflies looked as if they had escaped from some New England meadow to this strange and foreign scene on the uplands of Hawaii. The goddess Pele seems very fond of red, as naturally she might, since red flowers, red leaves, red berries, and red birds abound on the slopes towards her citadel. But she is a very jealous lady, and no flower or berry must be picked on the way up to Kilauea, for that would imply that one admired them—and homage must be paid her first; otherwise she will send rain or other damper to the satisfaction of the traveller. No native would think of plucking anything on the way to the crater. Pele's particular flower, the *ohia*, grows on large trees, a magnificent fringe of scarlet, very tempting to the visitor. Towards evening a cloud of white steam indicated the nearness of Kilauea, and steam bursting out of holes and cracks in the ground all about, very hot and fringed with exquisite sulphur crystals, formed the suggestive approach to the Volcano House. Perched high on one wall of the enormous crater, the hotel commands the entire scene of desolate grandeur. A lake of black lava, 3½ miles in one direction by 1½ in the other, is surrounded by nearly perpendicular walls varying from 750 to 300 feet high, at one end of which a secondary crater sends out volumes of sulphur steam. Mauna Loa rises grandly towards the west, and, in the north, Mauna Kea raises its more rugged peak yet higher.

The descent into the crater, on the sure-footed horses, is a memorable experience. Back and forth the narrow path winds, down the wall, through masses of ferns and foliage, until the great cliff behind shuts out half the sky, and high up from its thick verdure a single bird-song came out airily into the dewy morning. But the lake was unspeakable desolation, with its black lava in writhing, curling, creeping masses as far as the eye could reach, growing hotter to the feet as the steaming crater was approached, until a stick thrust slightly into a crack came out in flames. Strange contradiction of this fast-dying nineteenth century, a telephone wire crosses this Hades of desolation, and, though useless now, once served to connect the Volcano House with a little house close to the active crater. But, in the picturesque language of the natives, "it was eaten up by the fire"; that is, the hot lava walls caved and the little house fell in one day. The lake is full of "blow-holes" in this region, too frightfully hot to stand near, and every tiniest crack sends out heat like a register in winter when the furnace below is red hot—only in Kilauea one may not send down impatiently to know why the furnace drafts have been forgotten. The crater is a bewildering mass of tumbled lava, hissing sulphur steam and unbearable heat. Another great eruption like that of last January is daily expected, but did not break out before we left. The dreary grimness of a slumbering but restless volcano is beyond any words to express. One morning the whole crater, lake and all, was filled with mist and showers, while the early sun shone brilliantly elsewhere, and a superb rainbow arched the great black pit with heavenly radiance.

Kilaueaiki, near by, is well worth the walk through ferny uplands. Another lake of dead lava sunk more than seven hundred feet into the woods, and about a mile across, the great bowl has nearly perpendicular sides, heavily wooded, at the bottom of which wild goats browse. This crater has never been active in historic times. If space permitted, much might be said of the beautiful and tropical road to Hilo, on the other side of the island from Pahala, where rains are almost constant, where coffee is being extensively raised as a probably very successful experiment, and where many curious sights and people may be seen, and of the royal native luncheon made for us on our return by the hospitable friends at Kapapala Ranch, where young pig and chicken wrapped in leaves and roasted under ground, with *poi* in various forms, were the chief articles on the table. Out again from the jet-black lava sand beach, where pure white surf breaks through the tumbling waves to the steamer anchored beyond, and the return journey was begun. At Kealakeakua Bay, Miss Kate Field came on the steamer, looking very ill, and, as she said, quite worn out with interminable riding over lava-beds, and visits at native houses, searching for material in her exhaustive study into the condition of the islands. She wanted me to sit by her for awhile in her state-room, which I did, and had a very lively conversation with the brilliant but evidently very ill writer. A friend accompanied her as far as the next stopping-place, but otherwise she was quite alone, and the physician of our expedition found her well along in an attack of pneumonia, which must have begun several days before. He worked over her for some time, and was with her all night, but told us in the morning that she would probably not live twenty-four hours. She herself had no idea of her condition, and it devolved upon me to tell her, and to take her last messages and the addresses of friends. By constant stimulants she was kept alive through the day and until we reached Honolulu, but she died within an hour after landing. She had made many friends in Honolulu, who filled the church for her funeral and heaped the luxuriant island flowers about her as she slept. Much of her latest material was left in such form that it cannot be used. She tried to dictate somewhat to me at the last, but her mind continually wandered, and "it will need a lot of editing" seemed to be the burden of her thought.

Honolulu has been more than hospitable to the Expedition, and it is with general regret that the *Coronet* sails off to-morrow toward Japan, even though it is another sunny land, full of friendliness and flowers.

MABEL LOOMIS TODD.

THE PARIS SALONS.

PARIS, May, 1896.

AT this season I am ready to agree with Chassagnol, in the Goncourts' 'Manette Salomon,' that it would be well to discourage some few thousand painters a year. The impression made by the galleries in London is only confirmed by the salons in Paris. Far too many men nowadays play at being artists, or, what is worse, try to wrest an income from art. The exhibition is at the root of the evil; and the evil has grown to such proportions that it threatens to kill the exhibition. Already the French critic is asking, Will there be any more big picture shows in the twentieth century? The need to produce a novelty, startling if possible, as regularly as the horse-chestnuts blossom in the Champs-Élysées and along the Boulevards, has all but exhausted the resources of talent. Genius, fortunately, has seldom stooped to the annual struggle for the *réclame* of a day.

In the old Salon the "interval of fatigue," as I have heard it called, has led to so inevitable a monotony—each new show being but a repetition of the last—that I think I could have described this year's pictures before ever I had looked at them. I could have answered for the supremacy of M. Rochegrosse among the manufacturers of the huge *machine*, even without seeing his 'Angoisse Humaine,' with its fatuous, if well drawn, pyramid of men and women in modern dress, striving, their arms uplifted, to reach an iridescent figure floating in the sky above, and symbolizing—who cares what? I could have known that M.

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Gervais's subject would be an excuse for a study of the nude in brilliant light, though I doubt if I should have foreseen that the painter of the "Three Maries" of a few years since would condescend to anything so vulgar as the ceiling whose ultimate destination the Catalogue does not disclose. I could have called attention to the expected horrors and bloodshed. I could have pointed out the correct commonplace in the portraits of M. Bonnat and M. Benjamin Constant, the vapid classicism of M Bouguereau, the wasted seriousness of M. J. P. Laurens and M. Gérôme, the ivory flesh and vague shadows of M. Henner. For are not these things as inevitable in the Champs-Élysées as splendor and color in the Louvre? Indeed, I could have declared with certainty that the exceptions in the vast array of misdirected industry were M. Poitelin's poetic sketches of barren heath and moorland; the romantic landscapes of M. Français and M. Harpignies, still true to the traditions of 1830; the woodland idyls of M. Fantin-Latour; the paintings of foreigners, more especially of Americans and Englishmen. It is not surprising that, in Paris, voices are heard lamenting the disappearance of French art in the cosmopolitan invasion! The pictures to catch my eye were Mr. Bisbing's landscape with cattle, Mr. Loeb's portraits, Mr. Pierce's shepherdess, Mr. Picknell's long straight road through open country, Mr. Inness's old garden, Mr. Dodge's ceiling for the Washington library, which, if not very original, is at least a model of restraint compared to M. Gervais's light and nakedness run mad; while I regretted not finding Mr. MacEwen in his accustomed place. Or else it was Mr. Orchardson's "Young Duke" that arrested me, or Mr. Lorimer's "Mariage de Convenance," a work I have already described when it was shown in London.

So, also, with the sculpture. M. Frémiet's "St. Michel" has something of the elegance, something of the dainty swagger, of his Joan of Arc in the Place des Pyramides. M. Falguière has set all Paris to talking by his "Danseuse" (an entirely nude and very modern figure), not because of its merit, but because, as a portrait of a popular ballet-dancer, it has given every one, from the wit of the *Journal* to the poet of the *Courrier Français*, a chance to exercise his ingenuity in gossip or in verse. But there is nothing that comes more legitimately by success than Mr. MacMonnies's two contributions: the fine, dignified Shakspere after the Droeshout portrait already seen in the statuette of last year, and the "Venus and Adonis," which I wish he had called by another name. For, if it is very charming as a group, very refined and masterly in the modelling, the woman who stands with so much coquetry, so much jauntiness, by the side of the beautiful youth is not Venus, but a *cocotte*, a model of the *quartier*. However, a name that offends merely one's associations matters less when the work has unquestioned charm and distinction.

At the Champ-de-Mars I find the general fatigue, the general exhaustion, still more marked, for the simple reason that it is but a very few years since the new Salons made so promising and brilliant a beginning. But the artist is not an automaton warranted to grind out a masterpiece with unfailing punctuality. Mr. Whistler does not exhibit, though never was his influence more strongly felt; neither does M. Alfred Stevens, nor M. Carrière, too busy probably with his own show in the Salon de l'Art Nouveau, nor M. Lhermitte. Again, a fashionable fad, dependent for success upon its freshness, cannot outlive more than a couple of seasons. There is no new sensation, and mysticism has degenerated into absolute childishness with M. Léon, into a poor copy of Botticelli with M. Point; the religious excitement is so wholly spent that M. Binet is reduced to the expedient—blasphemous surely to the devout—of representing Mary Magdalen quite naked as she weeps over the dead Christ, and M. Jean Béraud gives up the Scriptures altogether to preach, presumably, a social sermon. But though "La Poussée" draws the crowd as he meant it should, I doubt if any one, if he himself, could explain just what is intended by the sudden raid of the rabble upon an elegant dinner party painted with a tedious elaboration and a tightness enchanting to the multitude, disheartening to the artist! M. Dagnan-Bouveret, it is true, has chosen a religious subject, and with very conspicuous results, for his Last Supper is one of the largest canvases in the exhibition. But he has not relied upon eccentricity of treatment for his effect—content rather to be scrupulously conventional in arrangement and costume. The color is unpleasant, and the concentration of glaring yellow light upon the central figure theatrical; the Christ seems far too effeminate, the pose of the Apostles far too self-conscious and photographic. But, at least, it is a sober, dignified piece of work that commands respect to-day even if it be forgotten to-morrow.

Portraits, usually, are painted to fulfil a definite commission rather than to snatch a chance notoriety, and their greater excellence is therefore easily accounted for. It is among the portraits, however, that Englishmen and Americans are here preëminent. Of course, many of the French or Continental painters whose portraits one always seeks are not absent: M. Besnard, with the half-length of a lady in yellow seen in brilliant light; M. Aman-Jean, to whom once more each sitter has proved the motive for a lovely harmony of color; M. Boldini, as always undeniably clever, but yielding to his mannerisms, until now his Princesses and Countesses wear gowns slipping so swiftly from their shoulders and drawn so tightly about their legs that one can but look with apprehension; M. Blanche, with a large, vigorous presentment of M. Thaulow, the Norwegian artist, and his family; M. Zorn, so uncompromisingly realistic that he does not hesitate to show himself on canvas as big and burly as the typical butcher; M. Gandara, who, for sake of variety, has turned his tremendous dexterity to the painting of a pink satin gown instead of the long familiar white. And there is one lesser known man, M. Simon, who, of a portrait group, has made a decorative panel (his name for it) which, could he have lent it the charm of color, would be one of the most distinguished pictures in the show. But quite as striking as these canvases, perhaps more so, is the work that comes from Glasgow: portraits by Mr. Guthrie, Mr. Lavery, Mr. Walton, Mr. Cameron, of which I need say no more, since I did them full justice when they were exhibited in one or another of the London galleries. Miss Cecilia Beaux's delightful arrangements in white are counted among the year's triumphs, even by the French critic who resents the foreign encroachment. No one has made a more distinct advance than Mr. Humphreys-Johnston with his portrait of his mother. It may be that the stately white-haired lady in black, seated gracefully on a green couch, might never have been painted just as she is had there been no Whistler. But Mr. Johnston has had, first of all, the intelligence to accept a good master, and next the artistic sense to adapt and not copy too slavishly that master's methods. The picture has a dignity and repose conspicuous where restlessness and eccentricity are prevailing features. Again, you recognize the Whistlerian influence in Mr. Alexander's lady in rose and black, his one contribution this year, in Mr. Herter's Japanese fantasies, even in Mr. Sargent's "Graham Robertson, Esq.," from last spring's Academy. But Mr. Sargent, in his turn, has been the inspiration of Mr. Dannat's "Otero," the Spanish dancer, who, though arrayed in vivid green, is reminiscent, to her own loss, of the golden "Carmencita" of the Luxembourg. Were there space I should speak also of Mr. Melchers and of two younger men, Mr. Cushing and Mr. Hopkinson, whose portraits are still immature, but give hope for the future.

The landscapes are not wonderful. M. Cazin, M. Billotte, M. Griveau are interesting, but—I say it with hesitation—monotonous. M. Besnard, M. Sisley, M. Eliot are brilliant, but with a brilliancy that has grown too familiar for further criticism. There are amusing impressions of Paris streets, rendered as none but M. Raffaëlli can render them; marines by Mr. Harrison, skilful, but their variety in danger of being staled by custom; and the Norwegian streams and snows that Mr. Thaulow paints with more truth than poetry. The fact is that, in outdoor work, there is nothing very remarkable unless M. Puvis de Chavannes's ideal and decorative landscapes can be so classified. These are the five large panels for the Boston Library—Virgil, Homer, Æschylus, History, and Astronomy. It cannot be repeated too often that one never knows what is in M. de Chavannes's work until it is seen in the place for which it is designed. I shall restrict myself, then, to the statement that the decorations, where they now hang, strike me as more rhythmical in line, more tender and yet splendid in color, than last year's panel. I seem to recognize many of the figures, much as one recognizes again and again the angels of Perugino or Botticelli's maidens, who, no doubt, were too lovely to be confined to a single wall or decoration. But I can remember nothing else by the same artist as rich and glowing as the Æschylus, with its deep blue sea that surrounds the lonely rock where Prometheus hangs; the tragedy not grim but made beautiful by the classic serenity of the scene.

Besides showing these designs, M. Puvis de Chavannes has filled a large room with his sketches and drawings—an important collection, explaining, as it does, the painter's methods of study and work. But it deserves not merely a gallery, but an article to itself. And this brings one face to face with what is at once the great attraction and the great drawback to the Champ-de-Mars Salon. Year by year it is becoming less an exhibition than a collection of exhibitions. M. de Chavannes is not alone in holding a special show of his own. Another room is reserved for Mr. Abbey's Shakspere drawings. Those who have seen only the illustrations as they appeared in *Harper's* can have no idea of the delicacy and strength of the originals. The knowledge they reveal is amazing; architecture and landscape are as carefully studied as figures and costume, while the composition is far more decorative than the stilted primitiveness so assiduously cultivated under that name in Birmingham. Mr. Abbey, in Paris as in London, has scored an enormous success. M. Paul Renouard, an illustrator as clever in his particular field, has a third room; M. Desbois, the sculptor, a fourth; M. Dubufe a fifth. It is simply im-

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possible to devote to each the notice he deserves.

Were it not for M. Desbois and for M. Rodin, who sends several marvellous impressions in marble, the sculpture would be sadly insignificant. Black-and-white has lost not a little of the vitality which for the last few years has made it so important a section of this Salon. M. Lepère, however, convinces one of the scope of his powers by showing his wood engravings and woodcuts side by side. There are dry-points by M. Helleu, etchings by M. Blanche, lithographs by M. Lunois, lithographs printed in color by M. Rivière, M. Charpentier, and M. Roche; these last two using a new process of stamping for which they have found the name *Lithographie gaufrée*. Mr. McCarter's drawings for the Green Tree Library edition of Verlaine are here, and also his Easter designs published in *Scribner's*. And of the master whom he has studied with so much sympathy, M. Carlos Schwabe, there are two examples, less satisfactory in some ways than others exhibited in the past. M. Valloton, quite unaccountably, is among the rejected. Pastels and water-colors are not very notable, though in the one medium "Gyp" has an amusing portrait, as full of character as it is indifferently drawn and modelled; and in the other Mr. Albert E. Sterner has some good sketches. Two other American painters who give promise are Mr. Kendall, with a large study of the nude, and Mr. Lambert with several landscapes. N. N.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF THOMAS PAINE.

London, May 13, 1896.

The following letter (the original of which has just come into my possession) is of both personal and historical interest. It was addressed to "Thomas Walker, Esq'r, Rotherham, Yorkshire." In the corner, beneath the address, he wrote, "Single Sheet" (it is on large foolscap), and on the reverse is the endorsement, "T. Paine, Esq'r, Mch. 12, 1789," this being probably by Walker, and showing the date of his reply. Half of a large seal remains which leaves (apparently) part of a P, and there is a post-office mark. Mr. Foljambe, whose letter is quoted, was a nephew of Sir George Saville, and lived three miles from Messrs. Walker's iron works, where the large arch of Paine's iron bridge (110 feet) was constructed for exhibition at Paddington Green, London.

The political part of the letter relates, as will be seen, to the exciting constitutional question which arose in the autumn of 1788, as to the condition of the three estates of the realm under the incompetency of George III., who had become insane. Pitt maintained that the King's authority had not lapsed, but that the two Houses had a right to devise means for the representation of that power by a Commissioner. The Whigs maintained that the royal authority passed to the Prince of Wales by hereditary right, and that the two Houses had no right to legislate at all without the King, whose seal would be "forged" if attached to any act by any non-royal hand. Pitt carried his point, but it was a *reductio ad absurdum* to select the Prince (the man most odious to the people) to be the "Commissioner," with restricted powers, if, as the Tories contended, he had no more claim to be Regent than any private individual. It is sufficiently curious to find Paine arguing the superior right of the Prince, but it will be seen that his constitutional position was consistent: the two Houses, unable to act without the throne, could deal with the matter (as in 1688) only as the nation itself in action. But the nation had not elected either House, and they were, Paine thought, usurping an authority belonging only to a national convention.

London, February 26, 1789.

Dear Sir,

Your favour of the 23d is just come to hand, for which I thank you. I wrote to the President of the Board of Works last Monday, wishing him to begin making preparations for erecting the arch. I am so confident of his judgment that I can safely rely on his going on as far as [he] pleases without me, and at any rate I shall not be long before I revisit Rotherham.

I had a letter yesterday from Mr. Foljambe, apologizing for his being obliged unexpectedly to leave town without calling on me, but that he should be in London again in a few days. He concludes his letter by saying—"I saw the Rib of your Bridge. In point of elegance and beauty it far exceeds my expectations, and is certainly beyond anything I ever saw." You will please to inform the President what Mr. Foljambe says, as I think him entitled to participate in the applause. Mr. Fox of Derby called again on me last evening respecting the Bridge, but I was not at home. There is a project of erecting a Bridge at Dublin, which will be a large undertaking, and as the Duke of Leinster and the other Deputies from Ireland are arrived, I intend making an opportunity of speaking to them on that business.

With respect to News and Politics, the King is certainly greatly amended, but what is to follow from it is a matter of much uncertainty. How far the nation may be safe with a man of a deranged mind at the head of it, and who, ever since he took up the notion of quitting England and going to live in Hanover, has been continually planning to entangle England with German connections, which, if followed, must end in war, is a matter that will occasion various opinions. However unfortunate it may have been for the sufferer, the King's malady has been no disservice to the nation: he was burning his fingers very fast in the German war, and whether he is enough in his senses to keep out of the fire is a matter of doubt.

You mention the Rotherham Address as complimenting Mr. Pitt on the success of his administration, *and for asserting and supporting the Rights of the People*.

I differ exceedingly from you in this opinion, and I think the conduct of the Opposition much nearer the principles of the constitution than what the conduct of the Ministry was. So far from Mr. Pitt asserting and supporting the Rights of the people, it appears to me taking them away. But as a man ought not to make an assertion without giving his reasons, I will give you mine.

The English nation is composed of two orders of men, Peers and Commoners—by Commoners is properly meant every man in the nation not having the title of Peer—and it is the existence of those two orders, setting up distinct and opposite Claims, the one hereditary and the other elective, that makes it necessary to establish a third order, or that known by the name of the Regal Power, or the Power of the Crown.

The Regal Power is the Majesty of the Nation collected to a center, and residing in the Person exercising the Regal Power. The Right, therefore, of the Prince is a Right standing on the Right of the whole Nation. But Mr. Pitt says it stands on the Right of Parliament. Is not Parliament composed of two houses, one of which is itself hereditary, and over which the people have no controul, and in the establishment of which they have no election, and the other house, the representatives of only a small part of the Nation? How then can the Rights of the People be asserted and supported by absorbing them into an hereditary house of Peers? Is not one hereditary power or Right as dangerous as the other? And yet the Addressers have all gone on the Error of establishing Power in the house of Peers,—over whom, as I have already said, they have no controul,—for the inconsistent purpose of opposing it in the prince, over whom they have some controul.

It was one of those cases in which there ought to have been a National Convention elected for the express purpose; for if government be permitted to alter itself, or any of its parts be permitted to alter the other, there is no fixed constitution in the country. And if the Regal Power, or the person exercising the Regal Power, either as King or regent, instead of standing on the universal ground of the Nation, be made the meer [*sic*] creature of Parliament, it is, *in my humble opinion*, equally as inconsistent and unconstitutional as if Parliament was the meer creature of the Crown.

It is a common Idea in all countries that to take power from the Prince is to give liberty to the people, but Mr. Pitt's conduct is almost the reverse of this—his is to take power from one part of the government to add it to another, for he has encreased the power of the Peers, not the Rights of the People.—I must give him credit for his ingenuity, if I do not for his principles; and the less so because the object of his conduct is now visible, which was to [keep] themselves in pay after they should be out of [favor] by retaining, thro' an Act of Parliament of their own making, between four and five hundred thousand pounds of the Civil List in their own hands. This is the key of the whole business, and it was for this, and not for the Rights of the People, that he set up the Right of Parliament; because it was only by that means that the spoil could be divided. If the restriction [on the Prince Regent] had been that he should not declare war, or enter into foreign alliances without the consent of Parliament, the objects would have been National, and have had some sense in them, but it is that he should not have *all the money*.—If Swift was alive he would say, "S—— on such Patriotism."

How they will manage with Ireland I have had no opportunity of learning, as I have not been at the other end of town since the Commissioners arrived. Ireland will certainly judge for itself, and not permit the English Parliament or Doctors to judge for her.—Thus much for Politics.

I very sincerely congratulate you and the families on the probable recovery of Mrs. Jon^{a}. Walker, and hope soon to have the pleasure of seeing you all hearty, happy, and well. I write by the return of the Post that it may come to hand before you receive the final orders of your Commanding Officer; and as I have written it all off at a dash, and have to go out to dinner at the other end of the town, I do not hold myself responsible for Errors.

With sincere respect to all the families, and in hopes of seeing you in London before I set off for Rotherham, I am, D^{r} Sir, your sincere friend and humble servant, Thomas Paine.

Mr. Whiteside's Compt^{a}.

Paine's office in London was in No. 13 Broad Street Buildings (City), the establishment of Peter Whiteside (of Philadelphia), merchant, whose failure fell so heavily upon the author and his bridge enterprise.

Paine's reference to Ireland will be remarked. He afterwards visited that island, and I have a draft, in his writing, of the beginning of a note (1792) as follows: "I have the honour of presenting to the gentlemen present a letter I have received from the United Irishmen of Dublin informing me of my having been elected an honorary member of their Society. By this adoption of me as one of their body I have the pleasure of considering myself on their" (the rest is wanting).

One more letter I will add, as it has never appeared except in Lanthenas's translation of Paine's 'Decline and Fall of the English System of Finance.' I recently found in the National Archives at Paris a copy of it in French printed by order of the Council of Ancients, April 27, 1796:

Citizens: I present you with a small work entitled *The Decline and Fall of the English System of Finance*, in which I have explained and exposed the finances of your principal enemy, the government of England. If I have any capacity in judging of circumstances, and from thence of probable events, the fall of that government is very nearly at hand.

The condition in which that government finds it-

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self at this moment is curious and critical, and different to anything it ever experienced before. It is now pressed by two internal and formidable opponents that never appeared during any former war. The one is, the great and progressive change of opinion that is spreading itself throughout England with respect to the hereditary system of government. That system has fallen more in the opinion of the people of that country within the last four years than it fell in France during the last four years preceding the French revolution. The other is, that the funding system of finance, on which the government of England depends for pecuniary aid, is now explaining itself to be no other than a governmental fraud.

In former wars the government of England were supported by the superstition of the country with respect to a nominal non-existing thing which is called a *constitution*; and by the credulity of the country as to the funding system of finance. It was from these two popular delusions that the government of England derived all its strength, and they are now deserting her standard. When this monster of national fraud and maritime oppression, the government of England, shall be overthrown, the world will be freed from a common enemy; and the two nations may count upon fraternity and a lasting peace. THOMAS PAINE.

It was the opinion of William Cobbett that official maltreatment of an humble exciseman, Thomas Paine, cost England her American colonies. However extravagant that may seem, there is little doubt that the outlawry of the author of the 'Rights of Man,' in 1792, not only broke the Bank of England in 1797, but founded that traditional hatred of French progressives for England which, as radicalism acquires power in France, amounts almost to a one-sided *vendetta*. Yet were Paine alive today, the general constitution of his native country would probably come nearest his ideas of republican government.

MONCURE D. CONWAY.

Correspondence.

A CORRECTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The following words appear in the *Nation* of March 26, reviewing the Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan: "But his [Clay MacCauley's] discourse on 'Silver in Japan' is not considered orthodox enough to go in as a body article, and hence is printed in small type in the appendix."

The reviewer must have been more than usually careless in glancing through the "Transactions" even for the purpose of review. The author of the discourse on "Silver in Japan" is not Clay MacCauley, and it was not printed in the appendix because it lacked orthodoxy, but because it was only an address or lecture, and not a regularly prepared paper submitted before reading to the council. A lecture or address is always supposed to be printed in the appendix. The same number of the "Transactions" contains a lecture (also in small type) in the appendix by Prof. Chamberlain, whose orthodoxy on the subject of the Japanese language has not, I believe, been questioned.

GARRETT DROPPERS,
Corr. Sec'y of Asiatic Soc. of Japan.

TOKYO, May 11, 1896.

[We cannot explain away our inadvertence.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

T. FISHER UNWIN, London, announces a work on 'The London Burial-Grounds,' by Mrs. Basil Holmes, "written in a chatty style."

Flood & Vincent, Meadville, Pa., are about to bring out a new edition of Mr. W. C. Brownell's 'French Traits'; 'The Growth of the French Nation,' by Prof. George B. Adams of Yale; 'A Survey of Greek Civilization,' by Prof. Mahaffy; 'A History of Greek Art,' by Prof. Frank B. Tarbell of the University of Chicago, and 'A Study of the Sky,' by H. A. Howe of the University of Denver.

The Peter Paul Book Co., Buffalo, will soon publish 'The Diary of a Peculiar Girl,' by George Austin Woodward.

From the Bollettino (May 15) of the National Central Library in Florence, it appears that the Du Rieu-Sijthoff project of reproducing MSS. cannot be carried out as respects the Æschylus, Virgil, and two Tacitus MSS. in the Laurentian Library at Florence. The Æschylus, indeed, has already been published by this library, and the rest it will now take in hand, preferring not to concede the privilege to others. The same number of the Bollettino registers the gift to the National Central Library of a great collection of more than 20,000 engraved portraits gathered by Prof. Antonio Buonamici of Pistoia. They are arranged partly by nationalities, partly by categories.

In the revival of present-century classics, a reprint of Carleton's 'Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry' was deservedly undertaken and has been carried out with the taste and simple elegance common to the publications of J. M. Dent & Co. (New York: Macmillan). The fourth volume, just issued, crowns the series, and one may now enjoy at his leisure "Phelim O'Toole's Courtship," "Shane Fadh's Wedding," "Larry McFarland's Wake," "The Party Fight and Funeral," and all the other inimitably humorous and historically truthful pictures of Irish peasant life and character. From the same source we have two more volumes of the Balzac translations, 'The Unknown Masterpiece, and Other Stories,' and 'A Bachelor's Establishment,' each with an introduction by Prof. Saintsbury; and three volumes of a translation of Daudet's works, his 'Kings in Exile,' 'Tartarin of Tarascon,' and 'Tartarin on the Alps'—charming volumes in gray linen with a pale-blue flowered stamp, the illustrations not quite up to the rendering of the originals, the versions by different hands, and none masterly.

Macmillan Co. publish for the American Economic Association a valuable reprint of the letters of Ricardo to J. R. McCulloch from 1816 to 1823, edited with excellent notes by Dr. J. H. Hollander of Johns Hopkins University. It is interesting to remark that McCulloch was affected by the idea, now prevalent in some parts of our country, that national debts ought to be scaled down when the price of grain falls. The discussions are abstruse, but by no means without present application.

A valuable contribution to the history of taxation is made by Mr. Edwin Cannan in his 'History of Local Rates in England' (Longmans). The matter is, of course, excessively technical, and possesses principally antiquarian interest, but Mr. Cannan endeavors to connect it with modern conditions by confining his exposition to such facts as throw light upon the two great characteristics of the English rating system which give rise to most complaint. These are the facts that rates are paid only in respect of certain kinds of property, and are levied from the occupiers and not the owners of that property. The explanation is to be found in the circumstance that the levying of rates was not originated by any central authority, but was the outgrowth of innumerable local customs, which were based on no uniform theory—hardly on any theory. Statutory enactments have, of course, much complicated the matter, which is in so chaotic a state as greatly to tempt the zeal of reformers.

In the same direction is Mr. Frederic C. Howe's 'Taxation and Taxes in the United States under the Internal Revenue System, 1791–1895' (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.). Mr. Howe very properly acknowledges his own debt, and that of every laborer in this field, to Mr. David A. Wells, "whose careful and scholarly investigations of almost every phase of the revenue experiences of the time, as well as the industrial aspects and influences of the same, are an inexhaustible fund from which to draw, and greatly alleviate the labors of those who may follow after him in a field which he has made completely his own." It is convenient to have the history of our internal-revenue system summarized, and Mr. Howe has done the work with evident care; but many of his inferences are of doubtful validity, and some of his theories are more than doubtful. His lamentations over the decision of the Supreme Court against the income-tax do not excite our sympathy. The idea that we may be hampered in some future emergency because we cannot tax incomes is preposterous. Provided the country has the necessary wealth, the Government will secure the necessary revenue if the people support it, without recourse to a tax on incomes.

The literature, if such it may be called, of the "Labor Problem" in Great Britain is assuming vast proportions. The recent report of the Royal Commission was as long as the moral law, and might well have sufficed for a generation. M. Paul de Rousiers, however, has thought it worth while to furnish his impressions on the subject to his countrymen, and Mrs. F. L. D. Herbertson has thought it worth while to translate them for the benefit of Englishmen, under the title 'The Labor Question in Britain' (Macmillan). It must be admitted that M. de Rousiers has produced a very readable volume, filled with entertaining incidents, and giving a comprehensive view of English industry. We may safely follow him in the conclusions that English workmen are better off than French, and that the general elevation of laborers constitutes the only true solution of the labor question. Socialistic measures, in the author's opinion, are not adapted to bring about this elevation, which has been proceeding rapidly in England under the influences of freedom.

A remarkable consolidation of our knowledge of magnetism has taken place during the past ten years. This has been due to a realizing sense of the value of Faraday's conception of lines of magnetic force, and to the application of quantitative measurements to them. When the trolley car was first used, it was feared that the watches of the passengers would be magnetized by the motors of the car. If this had happened, the electric railroads would speedily have become bankrupt, for the stray lines of magnetic force which could magnetize the passengers' watches would indicate a very uneconomical design of electric motor. Their magnetic circuits would have had a great air resistance, and the magnetic field which must be generated in order to propel the car would have been proportionately weak. We have come to speak of the magnetic circuit just as we had hitherto spoken of the electric circuit. The resistance of iron in a

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magnetic circuit is very small because a large number of lines of force can be urged through it. The resistance of air, however, is large. In designing dynamos and electric motors, care is taken to have a magnetic circuit of small resistance, in order to avoid the straying of lines of magnetic force out of the field where they are needed to effect the proper transformation of energy. Dr. H. Du Bois's treatise, 'The Magnetic Circuit in Theory and in Practice,' translated by Dr. Atchison (Longmans), is a lucid account of the growth of our systematic knowledge of the magnetic field; and it may be called at present the classic on this important subject.

Prof. Francis B. Crocker, author of 'Electric Lighting' (D. Van Nostrand Co.), believes that this mode of lighting has now reached a sufficient degree of perfection to warrant the preparation of a treatise which will not be out of date even before it is published. The dynamo admits of very little further improvement, and is now one of the most efficient of modern machines. Then, too, the present systems of distribution of lights, the methods of wiring, and the safeguards will probably remain unchanged in their main characteristics. Prof. Crocker, indeed, calls attention to the striking fact that, among all the important features of an electric-lighting system, the steam engine is the one which is being modified the most. He discusses the various sources of electricity, and shows that steam is still the chief. He has little faith in recent endeavors to obtain electricity directly from coal, and in this connection he touches upon the use of carbon in a fused alkali—a process which is now attracting attention in certain quarters. He describes only those machines which experience has proved to be useful, and his suggestions and criticisms possess a peculiar value, for he not only has taught the theory of the dynamo, but has also, in collaboration with Mr. Wheeler, produced one of the most efficient dynamos now used in the arts. The present volume is principally devoted to the generating plant, and will probably be followed by another on the various systems of electric lighting.

Why was Paderewski able to earn $247,000 in five months while most other pianists barely make enough to pay expenses? His technique is no better than that of several other pianists now in the field; his superiority lies entirely in the fact that he plays with expression, and therefore touches hearts which others leave cold. The same lesson was taught by Liszt and Rubinstein; yet music-teachers continue to devote 99 per cent. of their pupils' time to mere technical exercises which are as insufficient to make a real pianist as mere erudition is to make an author. Whoever shall write a perfect treatise on the art of musical expression will erect for himself a lasting monument. Pending the appearance of such a book, students may derive considerable advantage from C. A. Ehrenfecter's 'Delivery in the Art of Pianoforte Playing' (Scribners). It treats lucidly, in sixty pages, of the questions of accentuation, phrasing, and tempo. While fault may be found with the fact that all the examples are taken from Beethoven's sonatas (in which there is less opportunity for expression than in the works of Chopin and Schumann), the writer's remarks are usually sound, and will be useful to all who are not born musicians. The following will serve as an example: "The most common fault with regard to tempo is to play slow movements not slow enough and quick movements not quick enough. The first is mostly due to a want of power of correct perception and true musical feeling. The second most generally is due to insufficient technical qualification." The author's substitution of "non-legato" for "semi-staccato" (p. 44) is a palpable absurdity.

Prof. Albert Barrère's 'Dictionary of French and English Military Terms,' Part ii., French-English (London: Hachette; Boston: T. H. Castor & Co.) is a thin little volume of which the execution merits much praise. It is, over and above the definitions, a mine of practical information respecting the French military service. Under *école* we meet with an enumeration of the several institutions scattered over France, with their special training; under *maréchal* is given the legal limit on the number of marshals; under *mariage* (of officers) the consent of the secretary of war and a marriage portion are reported necessary, etc. The appendix supplies much statistical matter respecting the headquarters of army corps, ordnance, small arms, pay, pensions, court-martials, etc.

Those who wish to comprehend the political situation in France will derive assistance from a little book by M. Léon de Seilhac entitled 'Le Monde Socialiste; Groupes et Programmes' (Paris: Armand Colin et Cie.). Besides some minor factions the Revolutionary Socialists are divided into three sections—the Allemanists, the Broussists, and the Guesdists. There are other Socialistic parties or groups, concerning all which and their plans M. de Seilhac gives a discriminating account.

A monthly journal, *What to Eat*, will be started in July by Pierce & Pierce at Minneapolis (New York: *Tribune* Building). A novelty will be the restriction of advertising to what pertains to "food, drink, table furnishings, or table decorations."

The fore-matter of the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* for June possesses an unusual degree as well as evenness of interest. Mr. Robert S. Peabody discusses the university grounds and buildings with reference to their haphazard disposition, in the absence of any controlling scheme of landscape gardening and architecture. He lays a proper stress on the one great opportunity yet left in this direction by connecting the college territory immediately with the Charles River, towards which the gift of Soldiers' Field is more and more forcing the pent-up athletes. Historically he might have added that this proposition is nearly ten years old, but still awaits the "some benefactor" invoked by Mr. Peabody. Mr. Edwin H. Abbot's sketch of the late Gen. Francis C. Barlow, reinforced by Gen. Miles's competent testimony, will do much to prolong the memory of that remarkable soldier, whose incredibly boyish face is pictured with the article. A fine portrait of the late Dr. Furness, by Gutekunst, accompanies a brief notice by the Rev. Charles G. Ames. Mr. Arthur Gilman shows what a wealth of historic association clusters about Fay House, the seat of Radcliffe College; and the Rev. E. E. Hale discourses pleasantly on the well-known portrait group of five living presidents and ex-presidents of Harvard, from Josiah Quincy to Dr. Felton. The anonymous writer of the observations "From a Graduate's Window" makes a proper criticism of the sad festival known as the Commencement Dinner; but it would be a pity to change the scene of it from Memorial Hall. The remedy is to reduce the attendance.

Prof. Skeat, in the *Academy* for May 30, attacks the current etymologies of the word *loop*, and leans to a Norse origin. He thinks "loop-hole" may be found to refer "to the course of light, as being a place where the light may leap in." "The sense of noose in a string is later; it easily follows from that of a bore or hole in a wall. But there is a possibility that it meant 'running-knot.'" He might well have been reminded of a combination of these significations in Fitz Gerald's version of Omar:

> "And Lo! the Hunter of the East has caught
> The Sultan's Turret in a Noose of Light."

While the perennial interest in the history of the ill-fated daughter of Maria Theresa centres naturally in her tragic end, every new detail of her earlier life at the French court that comes to light reveals more fully the pathos of that period as well. M. Pierre de Nolhac's account of it, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for May 15, is in part derived from unpublished sources, and shows the fifteen-year-old Dauphine in a charming light. The idea that there should be any relation between the conduct of this child toward Mme. du Barry and Louis XV.'s attitude on the Polish question might have been a fruitful one for Scribe. Mme. de Campan, in her Memoirs (vol. i., chap. iii.), mentions among the ladies who met Marie Antoinette at Kehl, on the frontier, the Duchess de Cossé, "sa dame d'atours." This is evidently an error, since M. de Nolhac relates the circumstances under which Mme. de Cossé's appointment took place nearly a year after the arrival of the young Archduchess in France. "Papa," she said to the King, "j'espère que vous me donnerez une de mes dames." "Non, sûrement," replied Louis, "et je compte que vous recevrez mon choix avec respect." It was after this conversation that Mme. de Cossé was appointed.

Petermann's Mitteilungen for April contains the conclusion of Baron von Oppenheim's account of his journey from Damascus to Bagdad. A description of the political divisions of South Africa is accompanied by a large map, in which we notice with some surprise the omission of Beira, the terminus of the Mashonaland Railway. Five years ago an unknown sand-pit, it is now a thriving port with large business houses and a weekly European mail, and is a place of call for half-a-dozen steamship lines. There is also a curious map so ruled as to show the time of the latest rising and earliest setting of the winter sun in nearly every part of Germany.

From an address recently delivered at Havre by M. Jules Gautier, representing the Minister of Public Instruction, it appears that a genuine revival has of late been witnessed all over France in the establishment and support of courses of instruction for adults and children above school age. Thousands of these courses are conducted in city and country districts, mainly by private initiative, encouraged and aided by the Government. More than this, the circumstances attending the movement in its present form (its beginnings date back more than thirty years, to the Ministry of Victor Duruy) seem to warrant the belief in its permanence and further growth. The speaker referred to the earlier history of similar enterprises in order to point out the injurious influence of Governmental interference with affairs in which liberty of action and unhindered adaptation to local wants are essential.

The Amherst Eclipse Expedition to Japan, under the direction of Prof. Todd, which left New York April 6, arrived at San Francisco ten days later, and sailed for Honolulu on April 25, in Mr. Arthur Curtiss James's yacht *Coronet*, reaching that port on May 10. The time at sea was utilized by different members of the expedition in adjusting and testing the operation of many of the newer instruments devised especially for the coming eclipse, which this expedition will observe on August

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9 in the Hokkaido, or northern Japan. The Expedition sailed on May 25 for Yokohama, expecting to reach that port about June 20. Eight years ago the *Coronet* made the same trip in twenty-two days.

The excavations at Corinth of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens have been attended with as marked success as could be expected for the first year's campaign. The theatre has been discovered, lying ten or fifteen feet beneath the surface of the ground. Near the upper part of the *cavea* many archaic terracotta figurines have been found, indicating the neighborhood of a temple, probably of Aphrodite. A magnificent Greek stoa or passageway, east of the temple, is important in itself, and is another indication of the nearness of the agora. Since the discoveries afford the first fixed point for the study of Corinthian topography, they are manifestly of the greatest importance.

—The Century Co. have put forth a new edition of their *magnum opus* under the title of 'The Century Dictionary and Cyclopædia.' It is in ten consecutively numbered volumes, of which the last two comprise the former single-volume 'Cyclopædia of Names,' and are distinguished by the sub-title "Names" stamped on the back. Heeding a suggestion made by others, perhaps, as well as by ourselves, the publishers have filled out the half of vol. x. with a full array of maps, but have not, in these, sought after novelty or high excellence of execution. The several States of the Union are shown in detail, and will serve ordinary purposes of consultation while there is as yet a great deficiency in our atlases of the United States. But the maps have no index of names, and are themselves not numbered, dependence being placed on their alphabetical arrangement. The new volumes stand about one inch lower than the sumptuous original issue, and are as much less wide. They have, consequently, parted with some of their generous margins, and in quality of paper as in binding (which is very tasteful and serviceable) correspond to the endeavor to reduce the price of the work while sacrificing none of the essentials. Intrinsically, the Dictionary is more accurate, and hence more valuable, than when first published. The corrections are too numerous and minute to trace without enormous labor. They and a few insertions in the vocabulary have obviously been made without renewing the plates. The Names section in particular has been very extensively overhauled on the same condition. To sum up, for less money the public can now procure the Dictionary at its best, and that best is, among all completed dictionaries of the language, easily at the front. It does not supplant all the rest, but in daily practice we turn to it first and seldom without satisfaction. Until the completion of the Oxford and the Dialect Dictionaries, it is little likely that any rival will appear. For that reason, we hope that revision will still be the order of the day, and that another five years may witness a fresh edition, perhaps even cheaper than the present.

—In 'Money and its Relations to Prices,' (Scribners), Mr. L. L. Price undertakes an inquiry, by scientific methods, which the American people are obliged to answer by the method of universal suffrage. The book consists of lectures delivered by the author at University College, London, and bears the mark of careful preparation. After a review of the various "index numbers," and methods observed in preparing them, Mr. Price concludes that, "within its limits, the index number, as generally constructed, is a useful, if not indispensable, instrument of economic and statistical inquiry, and that, within its limits also, it is an instrument sufficient for its purpose." He appears to favor the idea that rising prices "kindle the imagination and encourage enterprise," and that this tendency is greatly increased and intensified where the credit system prevails. From this he reasons that as employers are of the "debtor class," which represents the active, enterprising people "engaged in the production of fresh wealth," while the creditor class consists of the inactive and unindustrious who live on the wealth created in the past, it is beneficial to the community to have a rise of prices. The reasoning, of course, proves that prices must always be kept moving upward in order to maintain the benefit. So convinced is Mr. Price of the advantages of inflation that he maintains that it is on the whole for the interest of laborers that prices should rise. He is quite ready to adopt the view of Jevons—by whom he has been greatly influenced—that rising prices have the effect of "a discharge from his debts to the bankrupt long struggling against his burdens." This sentiment will be loudly applauded by many people in some parts of our country, and by some people in every part; but thoughtful people will insist on a satisfactory explanation of the method by which prices are to be kept always rising. They think not only of the prosperity, or fancied prosperity, accompanying a rise in prices, but also of the disaster and ruin, not fancied but real, that must inevitably succeed. Mr. Price's essay is very ingenious, but he does not consider this difficulty; and, so far as we have observed, he ignores the fall in the rate of interest—a fact of which the creditor class is painfully aware. It will be easy to controvert many of his statements; but his book is, with all its fallacies, worthy of examination.

—Mr. F. W. Bussell's 'The School of Plato' (London: Methuen & Co.; New York: Macmillan) is an extremely abstract survey of the course of Greek speculation from Thales to Plotinus, accompanied by copious reflections on the necessity that an acceptable philosophy should meet the yearnings of the individual soul for happiness or peace, and on the failure of many ambitious modern systems in this regard. The writer has evidently studied his Pater, his Burnet, and his Zeller, and is not unacquainted with the sources. His reflections on the systems that glimmer by us in ghostly outlines on his pages are frequently just and occasionally acute. But he has reserved all footnotes, exact references and illustrations for a later volume, and the consequent vagueness and apparently capricious unevenness of his treatment throw an air of unreality over the entire work and make it very hard reading. His main theses seem to be (1) that philosophy is, in its inception, the revolt of the individual against the shackles imposed and the sacrifices demanded by absorption in the communal life of the primitive city state, and is pursued as a selfish quest for some principle of reconciliation between the finite soul and the infinite power or powers that hem her in; (2) that the spiritual life of the Roman empire is of special significance for us, because, owing to the assumption of all civic responsibilities by the state, the spirit of individualism, by which, after the dissipation of illusions, our own religious and philosophical systems must in the end be tested, had free scope to develop itself; (3) the dominating influence throughout this development was Platonism on its mystic or religious side. Platonism first transformed and then broke up the chief philosophic religion of the Empire, Stoicism, and then endeavored vainly in the neo-Platonic doctrines of emanation and negative theology to meet those needs of the individual soul which only the Christian religion could satisfy.

—M. Aulard, whose knowledge of the history of the French Revolution may be called exhaustive, and who has already destroyed more than one legend of that epoch, has, in a recent number of the *Revue de Paris*, run his pen through another popular belief dear to the makers of historical hand-books. "It has been generally believed," he says, "that the *coup d'état* of the eighteenth and nineteenth Brumaire in the year VIII. brought brusquely to an end all free manifestation of public opinion in our country, and that on the twentieth Brumaire France awoke to find itself enslaved and gagged." But that was not the real course of events. Things never happen in any such symmetrical and rounded fashion. In reality, on the morrow of the eighteenth Brumaire, Bonaparte was very far from being willing that the consequences of the *coup d'état* should be seen. Everything was made to run as smoothly as possible. The plot itself was *bien machiné;* there was a minimum of violence. The stroke of genius in the thing was the spreading of the report of a pretended conspiracy of the Jacobins against the two consuls. To this was added the clever fable of the daggers, with which it was said that the Five Hundred had attempted to strike at Bonaparte on the nineteenth Brumaire. This assured the intervention of the troops. Thenceforward all went smoothly. A part of the Ancients and of the Five Hundred came together again to name the three consuls. A list of proscribed persons was also drawn up by them, but this was merely a matter of form, not meant to be serious, and was revoked a fortnight later. The language of the new saviours of society was most modest, especially if it be compared with the language of the conquerors of the 31st of May, of the ninth Thermidor and of the eighteenth Fructidor. "No one spoke of military dictatorship; Bonaparte exchanged his general's uniform for civil dress (the newspapers announced it), and it was a civil government which was to be established. There were no boasts of doing anything great or anything new, but only professions of a desire to do what was best without disturbing people more than was necessary." Paris remained perfectly quiet, although the nineteenth and twentieth Brumaire were days propitious for a "descent into the street." The nineteenth was a Sunday, and the twentieth a *décadi*, and the weather was fine; but no one budged. Fouché spread his falsehoods abroad through the cafés and theatres, and stirred up a good deal of indignation at the attempt to poniard the hero of Egypt. Business men looked with favor upon the new government. The Bourse rose, Government stocks almost doubling their value within a week; which gave Talleyrand, at a later period, ground for his well-known answer as to the sources of his fortune.

—At Paris, after Brumaire, the Royalists were in exultation. They jumped at once to the conclusion that Bonaparte would act as a second Monk, and restore the monarchy, and propositions to this end were made to him; Republicans, and especially the Five Hundred,

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were turned into ridicule on the stage. But the propositions were declined and the theatre warned, and Bonaparte set himself to reassure the Republicans. Then the clergy spread a report that the Republican calendar was about to be suppressed and the Catholic religion restored. A bishop, Royer, preached a sermon at Notre Dame in honor of the *coup d'état*. He was promptly silenced. Bonaparte himself wrote with his own hand answers to the few protests which he received from former associates and others. He made to all the same protestations, that he had entered upon "the way which leads to organization, to true liberty, and to happiness." One by one his opponents came in, Barère naturally among the first. In brief, the government of Bonaparte, during the provisory consulate, was as far as possible removed from despotism. According to M. Aulard, the policy of that time was "presque aussi *temporisatrice* que celle de Barras, mais plus douce, plus cordiale et plus française."

EGYPTIAN ARABIC.

An Arabic-English Vocabulary of the Colloquial Arabic of Egypt. Compiled by S. Spiro of the Ministry of Finance. Pp. xii, 661. Cairo: Al-Mokattam Printing Office; London: Bernard Quaritch. 1895.

Our Arabic lexicons are remarkable for being voluminous and incomplete; indeed, it would almost seem as though their incompleteness were in direct ratio to the size and number of the volumes. Witness the cyclopean labors of E. W. Lane, whose death prevented the finishing of his great lexicon (whereby the latter part has had to be published almost in skeleton) —the work, however, still covering over three thousand triple-columned quarto pages. Yet Lane limited himself to purely classical Arabic, and the significations to be found in his work are such as were in use only during the first two centuries after the Prophet's death. In other words, mediæval Arabic—all the great historical, geographical, philosophical, and other literature subsequent to the eighth century A. D.—is left entirely unnoticed. Now it will easily be understood that the original language of the Desert, however rich, had to be considerably modified and extended to suit the use of those who governed the various lands stretching from Spain to the Wall of China, who had evolved a theology more intricate than that of the Schoolmen, and whose philosophers were credited with a thorough knowledge of Aristotle. Hence it follows that though Lane is indispensable to the scholar, his great quartos will not suffice the learner who wishes to understand, say, the Chronicle of Tabari, or even to read ten successive pages of the 'Arabian Nights.' Furthermore, Lane, like all previous lexicographers, has for the most part merely translated into his work the information supplied by the native Arabic dictionaries. These latter, of course, are little more than lists of synonyms; for an Arabic dictionary, in Arabic, must, in the nature of the case, explain what a thing is by saying that it is something else.

The Dutch scholar Dozy sought to supply the lack in Lane and others by his two great quarto volumes of 'Supplément aux Dictionnaires Arabes.' This was a stride in the right direction; all the meanings there registered were from cited passages, and the work was the fruit of extensive reading, not merely the result of compilation made from the explanations given by the native authorities. But even with all that has been accomplished (and, needless to say, others have followed in the lines traced out by Lane and Dozy), how incomplete our Arabic lexicons still are is proved by the fact that never does a properly edited text appear—even of the simplest—without a shorter or a longer glossary of words with meanings not to be found in either the 3,000 quarto pages of Lane or the 1,700 of Dozy. The fact of the matter is that this rich literature, covering in unbroken line more than a thousand years, and produced in countries situated as far apart as Morocco and Mesopotamia, can with difficulty be squeezed between the covers of a single set of volumes. It is as though one should try to gather into one list all the words used in classical and mediæval Latin, together with those common to all the modern Romance languages.

At the present day the focus of any literary activity that yet remains to the Arabic-speaking people is undoubtedly in Egypt. The dialect there may not be classical, but it is copious. Furthermore, it shows an adaptability to modern ideas and usage which stamps it as one of the conquering languages of the world —at any rate for Africa. Mr. Spiro is happily endowed for the work that he has undertaken; Arabic is his native language, but his education has been English. He has produced in a convenient form a vocabulary which may justly claim to "represent almost all that a foreigner would meet with in conversation with the natives of Egypt." The immense value of the present compilation lies in the fact that it registers the colloquial words, now adopted into official and administrative use, which, though not to be found in Arabic dictionaries, have yet become part of the written language of modern Egypt. Mr. Spiro is well aware that "no single compiler can hope to make an exhaustive collection," but we trust that his deserved success in this instance will induce him to extend his labors, and in due time bring out a second and improved edition of his book; in view of which eventuality we shall make some few criticisms on points worthy of his attention, and indicate what might possibly be changed to advantage in a future issue.

To transliterate Arabic perfectly into Latin characters is an almost insoluble problem, and, as Mr. Spiro remarks, "the adoption of a system is a matter of taste." The system here adopted is that of the late Spitta Bey, which, from a philological point of view, has many advantages. It must, however, be carefully studied, and Mr. Spiro would have done well to print an explanatory note indicating especially that in his transliteration the English *sh* sound is represented by the *s* dotted above, and that his *j* is to be pronounced, as with the Italians and Germans, like the English *y* (this last letter is used to represent the long *î* or *ee* sound). Mr. Spiro prefaces his work with some useful lists of common words, the Numbers, the Names of the Months, Weights and Measures, the Administrative Divisions of Egypt, and other like matters. The list of numerals prompts the remark that the due use of the hyphen in transliteration would vastly aid the learner in keeping the syllables properly distinguished. It is curious, in passing, to notice how the classical case-ending of the noun is still at times preserved in the modern dialect; thus, the Arabic for "three hundred" is pronounced *tultumyja* (for the classic *thalathu myja*), but Mr. Spiro transliterates this (likewise the succeeding hundreds) in one word *tultumyja*, which is, we hold, a mistake, for the foreigner will infallibly take the first two syllables to be *tultum*, and then, adding *yja* (or *eeya*), will be perfectly uncomprehended of the people. All these and like words should be carefully separated by the hyphen, *e. g.*, *tultu-myja*, *urbu'-myja*, etc.; for in Arabic especially the difference is to be strongly marked between (we may give an example in English) *an ice house* and *a nice house*, and running words together nullifies this distinction.

Coming to the vocabulary, it will be noticed that derived words are given partly under the root form (as is the rule in dictionaries of the classical language), partly in alphabetical order. Mr. Spiro on this subject aptly remarks: "Those experienced in teaching Arabic to foreigners in Egypt know that only a small percentage of these study the syntax and the grammar, and that the Egyptians themselves are often at a loss to find a word in a purely Arabic lexicon where the derivatives are given only under the root-verb." So far so good, but what is astonishing to any one who has made the classical Arabic his study is to find that Mr. Spiro, abandoning orthography, spells many of his words phonetically—and says nothing about it. The following examples will show how far the modern Egyptians have progressed on this convenient but downward path. Certain people, as all know, having a constitutional inability to pronounce the sound of *th* and the kindred *dh* (which in English is likewise written *th*), put an *s* for the former and a *z* for the latter. Most Frenchmen, for instance, pronounce "this thing" as "*zis sing*," and in like manner both Persians and Turks, after borrowing half their dictionary from the Arabic, consistently confound the Arabic *s* and *th*, pronouncing both as *s*, while the four Arabic letters *z*, *dh*, *d*, and *th* are indifferently uttered as *z*. For it should be remarked that the dialect of the Desert is very rich in these dental and palatal sounds. We have both *t* and *th*, *d* and *dh*, then (dotted or palatal) *t* and its corresponding *th*, also a dotted sibilant *s* and its corresponding aspirated *d*. The Persians and Turks, however, stick to orthography, and pronounce consistently *s* and *z* according as the unpronounceable letter has the *th* sound or the *dh*. The modern Egyptian, on the other hand, is remarkable for being inconsistent in pronunciation, and, if Mr. Spiro is to be taken as our guide, often, as already noticed, throws orthography to the dogs. For sometimes *th* is pronounced as *t*, sometimes as *s*. Thus the classical *thalâtha*, 'three,' becomes plain *talâta*, but under the initial *th* in the vocabulary Mr. Spiro writes "see *S*," and *thâbit*, 'firm,' is given as *sâbit*, while *mathal*, 'a proverb,' becomes *masal*; and many other examples follow.

It is, however, among the letters *d* and *z* that the most remarkable confusion occurs. In classical Arabic, *dira'* means 'a cuirass,' while *dhirâ'* (which a Persian or Turk pronounces *zirâ'*), is 'the ell or cubit'; now both these words Mr. Spiro writes indifferently with the plain initial *d*, thus confusing two different roots and significations. Again, under the letter *z* of this vocabulary there are some wonderful words. It will be sufficient to point to the common and very classical root *darata*, which is used in the vulgar dialect in such an expression as *Darta fik*, explained by Mr. Spiro to signify, "I laugh at you. You are beneath my notice." But this is here given under the letter *z* (and spelt with the Arabic *zâ*), thus confounding it with the root *zarata*, "to swallow a mouthful," and entirely upsetting just notions of propriety.

It is for the astonishing number of new words and secondary meanings that the present Vo-

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cabulary is remarkable. The compiler has supplied many useful examples of idiomatic usage, as in the column of racy vernacular given under the heading *rigl*, 'foot.' Foreign words have rightly been marked with an asterisk, but it is none the less a shock to find such a classical and orthodox word as *salāma*, 'safety,' registered with the signification of 'sausage' (to wit, the Italian *salame*, now doubtless imported into Egypt). Common words have also a surprising way of lengthening their vowels in the modern dialect; for instance, the classical *ragul*, 'a man,' becomes *râgil*, with a long *alif* that would entirely alter the meaning of the word in the classical speech. On the other hand, a good old loan-word like *dûlâb* (which the Arabs borrowed from Persia when the first Moslems conquered the Sassanian Empire) still keeps its original meaning of 'water-wheel,' but adds thereto the secondary signification of a 'cupboard,' or 'wardrobe.' Further, and doubtless because from the signification of 'water-wheel' *dûlâb* came to signify 'wheel' in general, and then any clever 'wheeled-machine,' an additional-meaning has grown up in its now common use to denote 'a ruse or trick'; and a 'business man' in modern Cairo is now understood under the phrase *râgil dûlâb*, literally, 'a man of ruse,' for which terms the classical dictionary offers no interpretation. In many instances Mr. Spiro would certainly confer a benefit were he to add further explanation of the strange meanings which have come to be attached to words.

Mr. Spiro has done very much to facilitate the labors of such as desire to get a practical knowledge of Arabic. To readers of the 'Thousand and One Nights' this vocabulary will be an indispensable adjunct, while the English official in Egypt, who has to wade through the pages of dispatches and administrative reports, will find here "financial, engineering, mechanical, and military words" explained which he will seek for in vain in the pages of either Lane or Dozy.

JAPAN AND CHINA AT WAR.

The China-Japan War. By Vladimir. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1896.

The Japan-China War. By Jukichi Inouye. With photo-engraved plates by Ogawa. Yokohama: Kelly & Walsh; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Both of these works are largely compilations, and both are drawn mainly from Japanese sources. The first, whose author adopts the pseudonym of Vladimir, is of the greater permanent value, giving a clear and consecutive narrative of the war, as well as of the circumstances leading up to it and of the various negotiations that led to its close and the establishment of peace. The illustrations are very poor, and in this respect the second work is much the superior—its illustrations, by Ogawa, being mainly from photographs, well defined and of considerable size. To some extent, and in this respect, one work supplements the other. Inouye's work, however, confines itself to the three principal events of the war—the battle of the Yalu, or Haiyang Island, the campaign on the Regent's Sword, resulting in the fall of Port Arthur, and the military and naval operations in and about Wei-hai-wei Bay.

It is difficult not to agree with Vladimir in his introductory pages as to the characteristics of the three peoples concerned in the China-Japan war. Much as they have in common of religion and learning, and alike as they are in origin and mode of thought, they nevertheless differ radically in most physical and intellectual traits. The Japanese, to begin with, form a curious compound. Warlike by nature and tradition, they are at the same time amiable and artistic; quick and vivacious, they possess insatiable curiosity, and a desire to learn not always accompanied by thoroughness of digestion and assimilation. The Chinese, on the other hand, though quiet, laborious, and conservative, and naturally pacific, can with proper treatment and training make excellent seamen and soldiers. They are, we believe, naturally better seamen than the Japanese, and, under the American flag and in arctic expeditions, have shown as much courage and endurance as their neighbors the Japanese, or their shipmates and companions of European and American origin. Certainly, as seamen on mercantile vessels they are preferred by European commanders to Japanese, in Eastern waters. With China's lack of internal communication and want of homogeneity of dialect, is to be considered the prevalent general indifference, if not hostility, to the ruling classes. As a result, it is not a matter of wonder that the Chinese are so wanting in that patriotism which the Japanese possess almost to fanaticism. As to the Koreans, they differ from both the Japanese and the Chinese. They seem to lack the virtues of both. For centuries subjects of a tributary kingdom, and victims of constant maladministration, they have, as Vladimir truly states, become slothful and indifferent to a degree which would be beyond belief to those who do not know them. In physical appearance they are perhaps the finest of the three nationalities, but they lack sadly the industry and stability of the Chinese, as well as the courage, enterprise, and patriotism of their insular neighbors of Japan.

The relative value of the war forces of China and Japan seems to have been singularly misunderstood, not only by the civilized world at large, but more particularly by most Europeans and Americans residing in the extreme Orient. The general tendency was to compare populations and geographical extent rather than war-like spirit and military and naval efficiency—a mistake not uncommon with our own legislators when comparing the standing of the United States with that of other naval and military Powers. Although the numerical force of the Chinese army in its four classes was nominally much superior to that of the Japanese, it was not really so, and it was badly officered and disciplined, and inefficient, as a rule, in its organization and armament. The fourth class of the Chinese troops, known as the drilled or trained army, was alone worthy of the name. It was composed of men who had been drilled in the European manner, and in numbers was estimated by different authorities to consist of from 50,000 to 100,000 men. The numbers of the other classes were even more uncertain; their training was neglected, and they were armed with weapons of all sorts, including spears as well as bows and arrows. The Japanese army, on the contrary, was a model of its kind. It has been deservedly praised for the perfection of its organization, the celerity of its mobilization, and the precision of its movements. Formed upon the best European model, the standing army at the outbreak of the war was but little short of 70,000 men, capable of expansion by the addition of the reserve and territorial army to at least twice this size. The infantry and cavalry were armed with the Murata rifle, a breech-loader invented by a Japanese officer of that name, while the light artillery consisted of pieces of compressed bronze made upon the system of an Austrian at Osaka. The power of rapidly concentrating and transporting troops was possible to China only by means of the sea and by chartered transports; this means cut off, there remained but the badly kept canals and worse roads. The Japanese in their own country had the advantage of the railway system, and for transports they drew largely upon the many steamers of their own great company—the Nippon Yusen Kaisha. The insular conditions of Japan are such that transports can effectually aid and supplement the concentration of troops by rail. The transportation of material was effectively done by the Japanese, the organization being very thorough; coolies took the place of the wagons and beasts of burden of western countries.

As to the Chinese naval force engaged during the war, it may be said to have consisted almost entirely of the Pei-Yang or northern squadron; the vessels of the southern squadron and flotillas remaining in their respective localities. The Chinese navy was superior in personnel in every respect to that of the army, and, furthermore, in its equipment, was superior to the navy of Japan, but in its ships alone; for, notwithstanding the bitter criticism and neglect of their navy by the Japanese, its personnel was excellent in morale and discipline, and never lacking in dash and bravery. Inouye, in his preface, tells under what disadvantages the navy had been placed of late years. He adds that "the Japanese have never been great sailors, the laws of the Tokugawa Government having prohibited the construction of large ships. It was possible, then, that the Japanese officers might, by their defective navigation and unskilful manœuvres, run their war-ships into danger." These fears were soon dispelled by the battle of the Yalu; and the Japanese, with inferior ships, accomplished what the Chinese, with upon the whole a superior naval force, failed to do. Had the vessels asked for by Vice-Admiral Kabayama in 1890 been given by the Japanese Parliament, and the battle-ships now building been at the command of Admiral Ito, the command of the sea would have been secured at the beginning of the war, and the beginning of the winter would have found the Japanese army before or in Peking instead of in Mantchuria. Japan possessed during the war no battle ships and no armored vessels fit to cope with the *Ting Yuen*, or its sister ship, the *Chen Yuen*.

By the middle of July, 1894, the Korean question had become so involved that war with China and Korea seemed to present the only solution to the Japanese. Popular feeling ran high, and the whole nation was resolved not to suffer more humiliation in Korea. China was considered the instigator of all that had happened in the peninsula, both as to insults offered and lives lost, and the hand of the Government would have been forced even if it had been unwilling. But it was not unwilling. The march of events was rapid. On the 18th of July the Korean Government requested the withdrawal of the Japanese troops; on the 19th the Chinese Minister left Korea and returned to China; on the 20th the Japanese Minister in Korea sent an ultimatum to the Korean Government, to which, on the 22d, the Korean Government responded unsatisfactorily, and as a result, on the 23d, the Japanese troops attacked the King's palace and became masters of that labyrinth and consequently of the Government. Since that time, until the late flight of the King to the Russian legation, Korea has been practically under Japanese control. With the capture of the King's pa-

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lace at Seoul on the 23d of July, the regular hostilities between Japan and Korea began and ended.

The war between Japan and China also began, as most wars of modern times begin, with the actual hostilities preceding the formal declaration. History has established this as the rule, the reverse as the exception. The hurrying of the forces from China and Japan to Korea made the collision inevitable, and its approach known to all well-informed persons in China and Japan. On the 21st of July and upon the days immediately succeeding, eleven steamers, carrying more than 8,000 men, were sent from Tientsin, the port of Peking, to Korea. Some were sent to the Yalu River, and others direct to Asan, near Chemulpo, the port of the capital of Korea. The former were assembled to bar the approach to China from Korea, the latter to reinforce the Chinese troops already in Korea and near the capital. To secure and preserve the advantages of the position in Korea held by the Japanese, quick action was necessary; and as soon as it became known that the transports had left Tientsin, three of the fastest cruisers of the Japanese navy left Sasebo, the naval station in southern Japan, on the 23d of July, reaching the vicinity of Asan on the morning of the 25th, falling in at the same time with two small Chinese men-of-war coming from Asan, at which place the attack upon the palace of the 23d inst. was known. Which side opened fire is in dispute, but it mattered not: the train had been laid, and the application of the torch was inevitable. Japan by this time meant war. The engagement resulted in the defeat of the Chinese vessels—the loss of one and the flight of the other. Before the pursuit of the Chinese vessels was over, the British steamer *Kow-shing*, chartered and acting as a Chinese transport, was sighted in company with a small Chinese dispatch vessel, which was at once captured. The *Kow-shing* was found to have 1,200 Chinese troops on board, fully armed, besides twelve field guns, ammunition, etc. The Japanese cruiser *Naniwa* boarded the *Kow-shing*, and her captain, an Englishman, was directed to bring her to anchor, which he did under protest; but the Chinese troops with their leaders refused to surrender to the Japanese or allow the Europeans in the ship (among whom was Von Hanneken) to do so.

The destruction of the ship followed, and was justified by international law, but the loss of the 1,000 persons on the *Kow-shing* does not seem to have been necessary or unavoidable. Engaged as she was upon unneutral service, her position was not unlike a foreigner enlisted in an army which becomes by the outbreak of hostilities belligerent. His engagement in a military service without regard to war involves the possibility of taking part in war and warlike operations, with all its risks and penalties. But the *Kow-shing* matter was badly managed. Granting that the ship itself could not be taken possession of from the numerical force of the Chinese on board, it could nevertheless have been disabled, and its immediate destruction was not necessary, as the ship was at anchor and under the guns of the *Naniwa*. It does not seem to have been established that the Japanese fired upon the Chinese in the water, but there seems to be also no evidence or claim that they made any attempt to save those who were in the water with their boats. It is stated that the agents of the *Kow-shing* had inserted a proviso securing indemnification in case the vessel suffered any casualty from the incidents of war, which showed an expectancy and assumption of risk that weakens the claim of innocence in transporting troops to what was generally known as a most probable theatre of war. So far as can be ascertained, the British Government has not taken advantage of the offer of reparation made by the Japanese Government if the act should be proved to be a breach of international law.

No more troops were attempted to be landed in the vicinity of Chemulpo, and the campaign of the Japanese against the Chinese in Korea was soon under way, the Japanese forces being rapidly and largely reinforced without any interference with their disembarkation on the part of the Pei-Yang squadron. A fine opportunity for an active and aggressive enemy was here lost. The feebly opposed operations of the Japanese through Korea caused great loss of prestige to the Chinese, besides rendering complete the subjugation of Korea and the Koreans; but this campaign, with the operations that followed in Mantchuria, had no decisive effect upon the war. Even if the war had been prolonged, the positions held at the last in Mantchuria would have been easily obtained from the Kinchow peninsula after the fight of the Yalu and the consequent command of the sea there obtained.

The three great events of the war are rightly given by Inouye—the battle of the Yalu (or, more correctly, of Haiyang Island), the capture of Port Arthur, and the naval and military operations at Wei-hai-wei, resulting in its capture and that of the Pei-Yang squadron. First in importance and in time came the great naval battle off the Yalu. The meeting of the two fleets is now known to have been a matter of accident; neither was in full force when the smoke from each fleet revealed its presence to its antagonist. Little time was given for the formation of tactical plans, but some general plan of operations had been formulated on both sides in case of meeting with the enemy. The approach was not rapid for modern fleets; the main body of the Chinese had but a speed of six knots, while the principal squadron of the Japanese moved at the rate of ten knots. The Chinese line of battle was intended to be that of the indented line, but it became, by force of circumstances, an obtuse double echelon; both of these formations are not favored by the best tacticians of the day, and certainly they received no additional prestige from the results off Haiyang Island. The Japanese fleet had not been without preparation in fleet tactics, for Admiral Ito, months before, had drilled his commanders in tactical movements by means of steam launches. He made his approach with system and coherence, and although signals were misunderstood and movements miscarried at times, and at others were hampered by weak and slow vessels, his plans were in the main carried out and in the main were successful. At no time did the two squadrons of the Japanese lose their organization or unity, or resign themselves to the individual duel and mêlée. By a concentration of attack upon the flanks of the Chinese fleet, and by the movements to protect the weaker and slower vessels, the Japanese commander-in-chief destroyed the flanking vessels of the enemy without losing a single one of his own, notwithstanding his own inferiority of force and the superiority of the two Chinese battleships. These vessels, however, saved the rest of the Chinese fleet.

Fortunately for the Japanese, it was not necessary to come to close range to secure effectiveness of fire on their part; the Chinese vessels destroyed were at a range of 3,000 metres, and the superiority of speed gave the Japanese a choice of positions for concentration of fire, which the lack of initiative on the part of the enemy further resigned to them. The Chinese, thus encircled and hemmed in, not only received the full effect of this concentration of fire, but were at the further disadvantage of being compelled to repair damages and put out the accidental fires constantly occurring on their vessels under this severe and continuous hammering. The Japanese, on the contrary, could haul out of action, repair damages, and resume fighting, or seek safety with impunity. The advice and instructions of Von Hanneken, formerly of the German Army, encouraged the lack of initiative already existing on the part of the Chinese and their leader, Admiral Ting. While the subordinate officers and men of the Chinese fleet doubtless still felt the effects of the discipline and administration of Lang, it is doubtful whether the superior officers ever mastered the manœuvres and evolutions practised under him. Admiral Ting, distinctively a military officer, a Chinese military officer at that, knew nothing of ships until he was about forty years of age, and, though intelligent and of undoubted bravery, he was in no sense a naval leader or tactician. Personally honest, he stands out in unselfish devotion to his cause as the best character we know on the Chinese side during the war, and the tribute to him by the Japanese after his death was no less creditable to them than to him. But, when all is said, he still remained as inferior to Admiral Ito as Ito was inferior to a Farragut or Nelson.

The victory of the Yalu not only disabled for the time and partially destroyed the Pei-Yang squadron—the only active naval force of the Chinese—but so disheartened and demoralized its personnel that it never again took the open sea except to escape from Port Arthur to Wei-hai-wei, and the command of the sea, with all that this implied, came entirely into the hands of the Japanese. There were two acts left to be played in the drama of the war, both following and possible through this command of the sea. The operations against Port Arthur, and the campaign preceding it on the peninsula of the Regent's Sword, came first. In this short campaign the work was done almost exclusively by the army, and it was well done, and, where necessary, bravely done. The landing was unopposed, and the forts as a rule unworthily defended. The Chinese naval force at anchor at Wei-hai-wei did not leave their port of refuge, and neither disturbed the landing of the Japanese, nor fired a shot in defence of the port and fortress created for their safety and welfare!

Winter soon came on, and it is both severe and stormy in the Yellow Sea and Gulf of Pechili. The courage of the Japanese fully equalled their powers of endurance, and a winter campaign against Wei-hai-wei was determined upon. On the 10th of January, 1895, over fifty transports left Ujina, in the inland sea of Japan, for Talienwan Bay near Port Arthur, under command of Marshal Count Oyama, who had organized the attack upon Port Arthur. Arriving at Talienwan on the 14th of January, the final preparations were made, and on the 19th and succeeding days of the same month the expedition left in three divisions for Yungching Bay on the Shantung Peninsula, thirty-seven miles distant by land from Wei-hai-wei. The disembarkation commenced on the 20th of January upon the arrival of the first division in the midst of a snow-storm. The landing, discovered by the Chinese, was

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but slightly opposed, the disembarkation being so rapidly effected that on the 26th of the same month the forward movement began, and was so far advanced that the attack upon the forts of Pohchihyaisu, on the south shore of the bay, was successfully made on the 30th of January, and the Chinese fleet was compelled to take up a position on the opposite side of the bay, which runs in a northeasterly and southwesterly direction. A heavy gale coming up caused a delay in the naval and military operations, and gave Admiral Ting an opportunity to destroy the guns in the ports commanding the anchorage of the Chinese fleet, and thus render his position under Liukung Island tenable so long as the island itself was in the possession of the Chinese. This prolonged the resistance after the capture of the town of Wei-hai-wei and the other ports on the mainland, which was effected by the afternoon of the 2d of February. In addition to the protection of the ports on the two islands in the harbor, that of Lih Island being still intact, the entrances to the bay were protected by formidable booms. In the defence made by the Pei-Yang squadron, which consisted of twenty-five vessels of all kinds and sizes, from torpedo boats up to battle-ships, Admiral Ting and his command did their best work, while the Japanese proved themselves on their side to be especially well fitted by national characteristics for daring torpedo-boat work. On the 13th of February, 1895, Admiral Ting sent his letter of surrender to the Japanese commander-in-chief, and the drama of the war came to a close with the tragic death of the unfortunate admiral by his own act.

Alpine Notes and the Climbing Foot. By George Wherry. Cambridge, Eng.: Macmillan & Bowes; New York: Macmillan. 1896.

THE Alpine literature of 1896 opens up with a review of mountaineering in the years 1891-95. Mr. Wherry, when returning from Switzerland, jots down in the train a record of the season's adventures, and publishes it in the Cambridge *Chronicle*. Five annual letters have thus appeared, and he reprints them with the addition of two new papers, "On the Climbing Foot" and "On Accidents." Together, they make a very neat and a very readable little book.

The increasing audacity of Alpine climbers is brought home to one with every fresh heralding of their deeds. Mr. Wherry's exploits furnish a new illustration of this threadbare theme. The Meije is still a dangerous mountain, a mountain to be respected even under the most favorable conditions. To climb it with a broken rib is a feat of personal pluck worth mentioning, however pernicious the example. "I gained the summit at nine o'clock, but, just at the final struggle, where it is necessary to straddle on a sharp, red-rock ridge, called the *cheval rouge*, with fine precipices below, my rib gave way, and went completely broken through. . . . I could feel and even hear the ends of the broken rib grating together; but I kept at it, going down steadily and slowly with groans and grunts." Mr. Wherry's climbing has really been of the first order, and the complete absence of vainglory in his narrative adds much to its value with those who know how easy it is to make a desperate adventure—on paper—out of a small peak.

Mr. Wherry is university lecturer in surgery at Cambridge, and men of his profession are always observant. Mr. Dent is another example. A cardinal merit of his classic, 'Mountaineering,' in the Badminton Library, is disquisition on the work of the body in active exercise. Mr. Wherry is much less comprehensive than Mr. Dent, dealing with one anatomical feature of climbing, and not with its broad physiological aspects. His essay on the climbing foot is the true *raison d'être* of the present book and an interesting study in adaptation. Leslie Stephen once observed that the best amateur should feel modest when he reflects on his inferiority to a second-class guide. Of course an extra-good man, such as Stephen himself in his climbing days, or the Rev. Charles Hudson, who was killed in the first ascent of the Matterhorn, is far better than the average Chamonix hireling. Yet no amateur ever equalled Melchior Anderegg or Christian Almer. Practice tells. The climbing foot is not the gift of God, nor does it come by nature. It is a physical adaptation due to perpetually walking up hill.

Mr. Wherry states this physical difference between guides and amateurs as follows: "It has often been noticed in mountaineering that a guide can go face forward and whole-footed up a slope, while the amateur following, and coming to a steep part, cannot plant his whole foot upon the slope, but has to go on his toes or else turn sideways." To explain the cause of the difference, Mr. Wherry begins with photographs of an infant five weeks old. At this tender age the instep can be made to touch the shin by slight pressure of the finger. Gradually freedom of movement is lost in gaining strength. With the guides the instep becomes modified so that, without pressure, the foot is bent upward beyond the limit which can be reached by an amateur with pressure. Captain Abney has taken careful photographs of the feet of Alois Kalbermatten and Peter Perren for contrast with the feet of good amateurs. The most casual glance at them shows why it is that amateurs go on their toes while the guides walk flat-footed. There is a climbing foot as distinctly as there is a baseball hand.

Mr. Wherry's interest in the guides is not confined to their feet. Unlike a good many recent Alpine writers, he has warm, even enthusiastic, words for their moral qualities. One laments to hear of any decadence when he remembers the traditions of the early school, and of late it has been the habit to notice the activity of the mountaineers in the race for money. Two passages in different parts of this book may be placed side by side to show that, after all, the feeling of old and new-school climbers for their guides is the same when the guides are themselves worthy. "Wandering into Couttet's Hotel at Chamounix quite without intention, I witnessed a touching farewell betwen Mr. M—— [presumably Mr. C. E. Mathews] and Melchior [Anderegg]. To see an undemonstrative Englishman kiss his gray-bearded old guide on both cheeks, when these two have climbed together for forty years, gives one suddenly a glimpse of the pathos of life impossible to recall without emotion." And then, concerning his own guides: "How do these men, Xaver Imseng and Alois Kalbermatten, win my regard? Xaver has an angel face and Alois a form like Hercules. It is not only their courage, skill, and devotion to duty, but their sympathy with my delights or difficulties—this is the great charm."

Mr. Wherry says of his own "poor tracts" in the preface: "Only of this I feel assured, that similar notes, put into my hands when I began climbing, would have been read by me with avidity." We can say for our own part that we have read his 'Alpine Notes' if not with avidity, at least with very considerable pleasure.

Current Superstitions: Collected from the Oral Tradition of English Speaking Folk. Edited by Fanny D. Bergen. With Notes and an Introduction by William Wells Newell. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1896.

What They Say in New England: A Book of Signs, Sayings, and Superstitions. Collected by Clifton Johnson. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1896.

MRS. BERGEN'S work is published as the fourth volume of the Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society, and is limited to 450 copies. As stated in Mr. Newell's introduction, it is the first considerable printed collection made in America of superstitions belonging to English-speaking folk. Mrs. Bergen has also collected the superstitions connected with animal and plant lore, which will make a volume of equal size with the present one. There is no pretence that completeness has been attained; but of course the number of variants of the same belief is infinite, and the main requirement is a judicious classification. Mrs. Bergen's principal rubrics are Babyhood, Childhood, Love and Marriage, Death Omens, Mortuary Customs, Dreams, Luck, Projects, Physical Characteristics, Wishes, Festivals, Weather, etc. She has found the possession of a pet superstition or two an open sesame to many beliefs of this sort held by servants and other plain people; but much information has been derived from cultivated persons who have been observant in this direction.

It is hardly necessary to say that most beliefs of this character have their roots in older lands than ours, and Mrs. Bergen has limited her list to items taken down from the narration of persons born in America. This limit is somewhat arbitrary, since what such persons narrate may have been of direct and even recent importation. But unless a comparative folk-lore were attempted, perhaps no better limit could have been chosen. To a certain extent the locality of superstitions is significant, and Mrs. Bergen has made it a rule to state the place where each belief prevails. But all that can be said on this subject is that in the regions of backward civilization superstition is more active and more primitive in form. A superstition, according to Mr. Newell, is properly defined as a belief respecting causal sequence, depending on reasoning proper to an outgrown culture. We should be inclined to add that the reasoning must be of a fallacious character, for sound reasoning is not a matter of epochs. Most of the reasoning of common people is invalid; but as the invalidity of an inference becomes apparent with the increase of knowledge, the inference becomes discredited and falls into the category of superstitions. However this may be, Mrs. Bergen has made a fascinating collection of obsolescent but still vigorous traditions, and her labors will undoubtedly be productive of large results. Every one will find familiar beliefs and sayings in her list; and nearly every one, probably, will be able to add to it.

Mr. Johnson's little book is very similar both in origin and in spirit to Mrs. Bergen's, but it is less systematic, and the material has been gathered from a restricted field, principally in western Massachusetts. He does not limit himself to superstitions, but includes proverbs, rhymes, tricks and catches, songs, stories, nursery tales, etc. Many of our childhood's friends will be recognized here, and some new acquaintances made. The book is attractive in appearance, and has some appropriate if not very interesting illustrations, but the matter is rather scanty, and must be taken as a con-

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tribution to our entertainment rather than our knowledge.

Introduction to Political Science: Two Series of Lectures. By Sir J. R. Seeley. Macmillan & Co. 1896.

THE editor of this volume, Prof. H. Sidgwick, commends it to the public as mainly valuable, not for the purpose of imparting a complete system, but of communicating a method of study. For this purpose it is, to our mind, at once interesting and disappointing. The lecturer, late professor of modern history at Cambridge, had a mind of great acuteness and remarkable skill, both in the use of language and in the analysis of terms. This skill, indeed, seems to produce a defect: it leads him into the common pitfall of subtle thinking—reasoning founded on significations devised by the thinker himself. Misled by his facility, we often find ourselves ready to yield to some conclusion which, on reflection, does not appear to be rationally connected with the premises laid down as supporting it. When, in the end, the method has been communicated, and with the aid of it we have the scheme of the entire history of the world flashed on the lecturer's screen, we cannot help asking ourselves blankly, "Is that all? If the rationale of political science is so simple, why has the world persisted in missing it during all these centuries?"

The lecturer announces at the outset that he hopes to be able to disentangle a true science of politics from the mass of narrative which we call History, and that the science is to be inductive. What it is to teach us is the nature, aim, and purpose of the State—not what ought to be its aim and purpose. He then proceeds with an analysis of a number of the terms commonly used in political discussion, and makes in the course of this analysis many interesting and acute observations. As he unfolds his method, he applies it to history, past and contemporary; notwithstanding which the method still remains obscure, partly for the reason already suggested, that the terms in common use describing the conceptions analyzed are used by him in novel and uncommon senses. *State*, for instance, he seems to extend so as to cover *Tribe* (pp. 36, 53). Now, a State may undoubtedly be conceived without a definite territory, continuously possessed, and a Tribe may be conceived as having a settled territory; but the word State universally imports definite territory, the word Tribe an organization based on kinship. If we talk about a tribe as a sort of state, we might as well bring the primitive family under the same head, and it is not at all clear that the student would not be justified in inferring such to be the lecturer's intention. But surely for purposes of analysis and classification the differences between the State and the Family are quite as important as the fact that one has been historically developed *out of* the other.

Another peculiarity connected with this is what we can describe only as an attempt to dispense with all recognized legal conceptions. It is very much as if the desire of the lecturer had been to frame a theory of government without taking any notice of Law. Consequently, we have no discussion of such subjects as Sovereignty, nor of the separation of the three departments of government, which, since the time of Montesquieu, has been at least as important as the old Aristotelian classification of Aristocracy, Monarchy, and Democracy. Now undoubtedly part of the history of the world can be discussed without taking Law into account. But, in modern times and in civilized states, government and law go hand in hand, and to attempt a theory of politics without paying any attention to Law must lead to very peculiar results. Examples are not difficult to find. When it is said that the law-making body in England "*does not govern*, but makes, supports, and destroys the government," this not only lodges the government in one body and the sovereignty in another, but eliminates altogether from the problem the fact that what the author calls the government-making organ—Parliament—is itself the agent of the whole body of electors. We are not surprised after this to find Louis XIV. made to govern by consent, because France had physical resources enough to have overturned his government, and James II. demonstrated to have been a responsible King. In fact, we are not surprised at anything in the way of demonstration, for the method of the lecturer—not that which is communicated, but that which is actually employed—would enable him to maintain anything.

On the other hand, no one can possibly read the book, still less study it, without learning something. The analysis of the term Liberty, for instance, as having no esoteric value, but meaning nothing more nor less than freedom from restraint or interference, leaves nothing to be desired. It is the sphere of uncontrolled action in any state, and it has no necessary connection with parliamentary government. There was probably much more liberty in some directions among the Saxons in England than there is in Massachusetts to-day. It is just here, however, that germs of a theory of political science seem to show themselves founded on principles which we believe to be essentially wrong. Buckle thought he could deduce history from the physical circumstances of a race; Sir John Seeley seems to have suspected that history might be traced to the relation between the geographical features of a country and the objects of its government. His syllogism would be: Nations with exposed frontiers, and hence military, produce governments severely limiting liberty. A is a country with an exposed frontier; hence A will produce such a government. The major premise is obviously faulty, because a country with an exposed frontier may be overrun and subjugated. The argument correctly stated would, we believe, be as follows: A state fighting for its existence cannot be carried on without a strong government, encroaching more and more on Liberty. A is such a state. A's government will be marked more and more by encroachments on Liberty—examples: France, under Napoleon, England under Pitt, the United States during the war of the rebellion, Prussia under Frederick the Great. We are firm believers in political science, but it is not a science by which we can predict history.

Die Erlanger Burschenschaft 1816-1833. Ein Beitrag zur innern Geschichte der Restaurationszeit. Von Friedrich Reuter. Erlangen. 1896. 8vo, pp. 415.

No period of German history presents a more striking picture of the appalling obstacles against which modern constitutional life has fought its way than the period of reaction which set in after the downfall of Napoleon, and which made it possible for such narrow-minded autocrats as Nicholas I. of Russia and Prince Metternich to maintain themselves for more than thirty years as the arbiters of Europe. Public opinion, which, in the days of Stein and Fichte, had at last become a power in national life, was again reduced to naught. For although, in the constitutional monarchies of South Germany at least, there was enjoyed a certain degree of parliamentary freedom, the political strength represented by these miniature states was so small that the debates of their legislatures had seldom more than academic value and hardly ever stirred the nation as a whole. While Austria and Prussia, too, were foremost in pursuing a policy of persistent and relentless coercion, the educated public of Vienna and Berlin was engrossed in discussing the latest literary scandal or the advent of a new ballet-dancer on the operatic stage. No wonder that this should have been the time in which renegades to freedom like Friedrich von Gentz and K. L. von Haller were praised as great political philosophers; in which the "Fate Tragedy," with its pallid faces and meaningless horrors, with its hopeless gospel of submission to a blind chance, achieved its greatest theatrical triumphs; in which the hollow phantasms of a spiritualistic juggler like Amadeus Hoffmann were admired as marvels of poetic fiction. No wonder that such a hopeless pedant as Raupach should have been exalted by this age as a master of the historical drama; that the lyric dilettantism of the period should have found an organ in those numberless poetic almanacs and keepsakes embellished with inane steel engravings, the thought of which forced upon the lips of the manly Gervinus the words of *Hotspur:*

> "I had rather be a kitten and cry mew,
> Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers."

No wonder that even the best minds of the nation—a Grillparzer, a Rückert, a Lenau, a Heine, a Platen, a Schopenhauer—should have been affected by this universal repression of public activity; that they too should have been crippled in their natural development, alienated from their own day and their own country, led astray in their tastes and propensities, discouraged in their views of life, debarred from truly constructive achievements.

The author of the book before us, favorably known through his contributions to the biography of Rückert, has attempted to give us an inside view of this sad epoch by depicting its effects upon German student life in general, and upon the various "Burschenschaften" of the University of Erlangen in particular. He brings before us in characteristic types the spirit of joyous liberalism which animated the generation of students who had taken part in the wars against Napoleon. He introduces us to the Wartburg festival and other scenes of juvenile frolic, in which this spirit found a harmless, if boisterous, expression. He gives a detailed account of the epidemic of persecution which followed the assassination of Kotzebue, the deed of an irresponsible fanatic: how hundreds of students were expelled from the universities and put into prison for the heinous crime of having worn the German colors in their buttonholes; how professors were suspended and put under police surveillance for having spoken of national duties and national aims. And although the author does not bring his narrative down to the Revolution of 1848, he lets us witness, partly at least through the eyes of actual participants, those occasional sporadic risings and outbursts of popular feeling, like the Hambacher Fest and the Frankfurter Attentat, which finally culminated in the March Revolution. Throughout the book the author appears as one of those chivalrous German idealists whose type has been made familiar to Americans through men like Follen, Lieber, or Schurz. His attitude of mind could not be better expressed than by

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the words in which he himself, in the preface, characterizes his intellectual affiliations:

"Die müssen Feinde sein, die die Knechtschaft wollen,
Die müssen Feinde sein, die die Wahrheit fürchten,
Die müssen Feinde sein, die das Recht verdrehen,
Die müssen Feinde sein, die von der Ehre weichen."

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alice de Beaurepaire: A Romance of Napoleon. Boston: C. F. Brown & Co. $1.
Alves da Cunha, R. C. Paraenses Illustres. Pará, Brazil: The Author.
Arnold's Guide to English Literature, and Essay on Gray; Morley's Study of Literature. Macmillan. 75c.
A Week's Record at Monte Carlo. Brentanos. 50c.
Bell, Lilian. The Under Side of Things. Harpers. $1.25.
Bendall, Cecil. Catalogue of Sanskrit, Pali, and Prakrit Books in the British Museum, acquired during the years 1876-'92. London: The British Museum.
Bergstresser, Rev. P. Baptism and Feet-Washing. Philadelphia: Lutheran Publication Society. $1.
Bernhardt, Wilhelm. Aus Herz und Welt. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 25c.
Betham-Edwards, Miss M. The Dream-Charlotte: A Story of Echoes. Macmillan. $1.25.
Bibliographica. Part IX. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.; New York: Scribners.
Birrell, Augustine. The Duties and Liabilities of Trustees. Macmillan. $1.25.
Bonney, Prof. T. G. Ice-Work, Present and Past. Appletons.
Brightman, F. E. Liturgies, Eastern and Western. Vol. I. Eastern Liturgies. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan.
Brooks, Sarah W. My Fire Opal, and Other Tales. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. $1.
Brown, A. E. Beneath Old Roof Trees. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.50.
Brownell, W. C. Newport. [American Summer Resorts.] Scribners. 75c.
Bulfinch, Ellen S. The Life and Letters of Charles Bulfinch, Architect. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $5.
Bussell, F. W. The School of Plato. London: Methuen & Co.; New York: Macmillan. $2.75.
Carleton, William. Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry. Vol. IV. London: Dent; New York: Macmillan. $1.50.
Carus, Paul. Primer of Philosophy. Chicago: *Open Court* Publishing Co. $1.
Church Unity: Five Lectures. Scribners. $1.
Dana, C. A. Lincoln and his Cabinet. Lemperly, Hilliard & Hopkins.
Doggett, L. L. History of the Young Men's Christian Association. Vol. I. New York: International Committee of Young Men's Christian Association. $1.
Field, Eugene. Works. [Sabine Edition.] Vols. VI.-X. Scribners.
Ford, P. L. The Writings of John Dickinson. Vol. I. Political Writings. 1764-1774. Philadelphia: Historical Society of Pennsylvania.
Frederic, Harold. Mrs. Albert Grundy. Merriam Co. $1.25.
Giles, F. S. The Industrial Army. Baker & Taylor Co. $1.25.
Gillies, Dr. H. C. Stewart's Elements of Gaelic Grammar. London: David Nutt.
Hunt, Prof. T. W. American Meditative Lyrics. E. B. Treat. $1.
Keatinge, M. W. The Great Didactic of John Amos Comenius. London: A. & C. Black; New York: Macmillan. $2.
King, Capt. Charles. Sunset Pass. American Publishers Corporation. 50c.
King, Pauline. Alida Craig. G. H. Richmond & Co. $1.25.
Leask, W. K. Hugh Miller. [Famous Scots Series.] Scribners. 75c.
Lucas, D. B. Nicaragua: The War of the Filibusters. Richmond, Va.: B. F. Johnson Publishing Co. $1.50.
McKenzie, F. A. Sober by Act of Parliament. London: Sonnenschein; New York: Scribners. $1.
Meredith, Katharine M. C. Green Gates: An Analysis of Foolishness. Appletons. $1.25.
Ottley, R. L. The Doctrine of the Incarnation. 2 vols. London: Methuen & Co.; New York: Macmillan. $3.50.
Payne, Will. Jerry the Dreamer. Harpers. $1.25.
Pettingill & Co.'s Newspaper Directory. 1896. Boston: Pettingill & Co.
Reid, Rev. H. M. B. Lost Habits of the Religious Life. Edinburgh: J. Gardner Hitt.
Rivers, George R. R. The Governor's Garden. Boston: Joseph Knight Co. $1.50.
Robinson, C. P. American Democracy. Pittsburgh: W. T. Nicholson.
Rocheblave, S. Pages Choisies des Grands Écrivains. Chateaubriand. Paris: Colin & Cie.
Sloane, Prof. W. M. The Life of James McCosh. Scribners.
Spratt, Leonidas. Nature of an Universe of Life. Jacksonville, Fla.: Vance Printing Co.
Stauffer, Albrecht. Zwölf Gestalten der Glanzzeit Athens. Leipzig: R. Oldenbourg; New York: Lemcke & Buechner.
Steele, T. S. A Voyage to Viking-Land. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. $2.
Swaen, A. E. H. Sir John Vanbrugh. [Best Plays of the Old Dramatists.] London: Unwin; New York: Scribners. $1.25.
The Paris Directory and Anglo-American Traveller's Guide. 1896. Paris: Donald Downie.
The Poetical Works of John Milton. Introductory Memoir, Notes, Bibliography, etc. F. Warne & Co. $1.50.
Trumbull, Rev. H. C. The Threshold Covenant; or, The Beginning of Religious Rites. Scribners. $2.
Twain, Mark. A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court. Harpers. $1.75.
Uniform Questions in Drawing. Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen. 50c.
Vaughn, C. E. English Literary Criticism. London: Blackie & Son; New York: Scribners. $1.50.
Waugh, Arthur. Johnson's Lives of the Poets. Vol. II. Scribners. $2.50.
Weston, Jessie L. The Legends of the Wagner Drama. Scribners. $2.25.
Wherry, George. Alpine Notes and The Climbing Foot. Cambridge, Eng.: Macmillan & Bowes.
Withers, Hartley. The English and the Dutch in South Africa. London: Clement Wilson.
Woodward, R. P. Trains that Met in the Blizzard. New York: Salmagundi Publishing Co.

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